

No. 14

APRIL, 1938

Detective COMICS

10¢



A PROMINENT POLICE OFFICER OF LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS IS SHOT DEAD IN HIS CAR ON A LONELY ROAD.....



DR.
S.G.
BOYCE

POLICE ARE PUZZLED BECAUSE THE BULLET HAS BEEN SHOT DOWNWARD FROM UNUSUAL HEIGHT BUT DR. BOYCE SOLVES THE CASE AND PROVES.....



-GILL
FOX-

....WITH SCIENTIFIC METHODS WHICH INCLUDE THE WEIGHING OF A BULLET TO PROVE THE CALIBRE AND THE MEASURING OF THE BULLET HOLE, THAT THE MURDERER OF THE POLICEMAN STOOD ON THE BACK BUMPER AND FIRED THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW!!

DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS

..... ACE INVESTIGATOR

AND THE

MYSTERY of HONDOKU ISLE

BY CREIG FLESSEL

THROUGH THE STICKY HOT JUNGLE, THE SMALL PARTY OF TRAVELERS STRUGGLE ONWARD. THE VINES AND TREES SEEM TO REACH OUT TO HOLD THEM BACK! YELLOW FEVER, WILD ANIMALS AND HOSTILE SAVAGES STALK THEM. BUT THEY GO ON UNAFRAID - ON AND ON -



DORIS DANE IS THE HEAD OF THE WEARY EXPEDITION WHICH IS TREKKING 200 MILES THROUGH AN UNEXPLORED JUNGLE OF HONDOKU ISLAND. AT HER SIDE IS SPEED SAUNDERS AND HER NEPHEW DICK DANE AS HER ASSISTANTS!



-AND THE PURPOSE OF THE EXPEDITION IS TO FIND MALCOLM DANE, NOTED AVIATOR AND BROTHER OF DORIS AND DICK. MALCOLM HAS BEEN MISSING 2 MONTHS SINCE HIS PLANE CRASHED INTO THE JUNGLE!



YOU LOOK TIRED, DORIS. YOU MUST STOP AND REST.

REST? HOW CAN I REST KNOWING MALCOLM IS LOST?

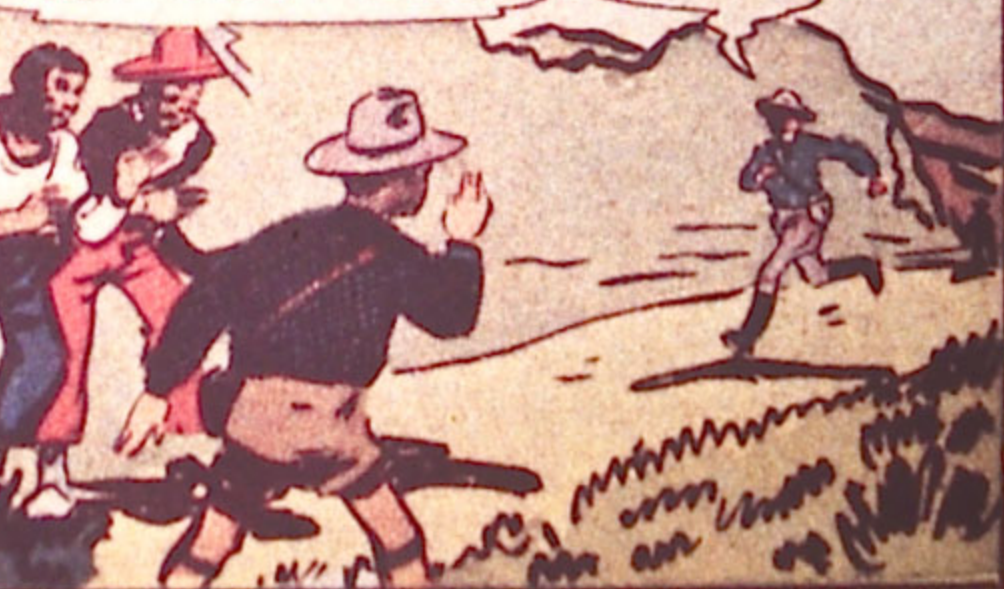


BRING UP THE REAR, DICK. HURRY UP THOSE PORTERS BACK THERE!



HEY, SPEED, DORIS! SOMETHING IS WRONG. THEY WON'T COME!

COMING, KID?



BUJAMA, SPEAK TO
THE FOOLS! - WHAT
AIDS THEM, ANYHOW?

THEY SAY - NO GO
ACROSS RIVER
TO LAND OF
DEVIL! - AFRAID!



OH - SPEED,
WHAT'LL WE
DO? WE'RE
LOSING TIME!

- I HAVE AN IDEA! - I
HATE TO DO THIS BUT
IF I DON'T THEY'LL ALL
DESERT US!



SPEED GRABS THE LEADER OF THE
PORTERS AND DRAGS HIM ACROSS THE
CONDEMNED RIVER TO THE LAND
OF THE EVIL SPIRIT!



THE NATIVES ARE FINALLY PERSUADED
TO CROSS THE RIVER INTO THE LAND
OF THE EVIL SPIRIT!



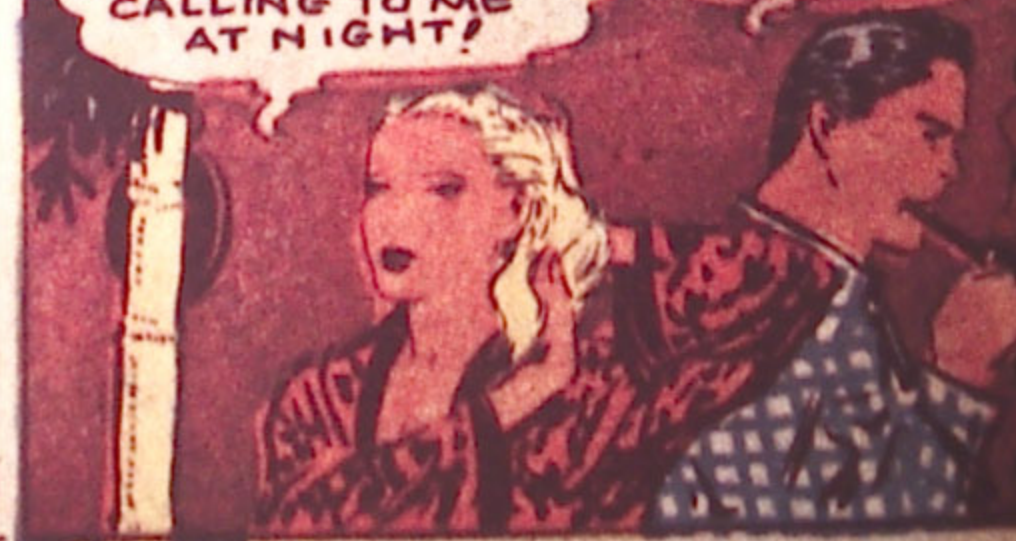
THE SUN IS LOW!
WE MUST CAMP
HERE FOR THE
NIGHT!

IN TWO MORE
DAYS WE'LL BE
IN THE HEART OF
THE JUNGLE -

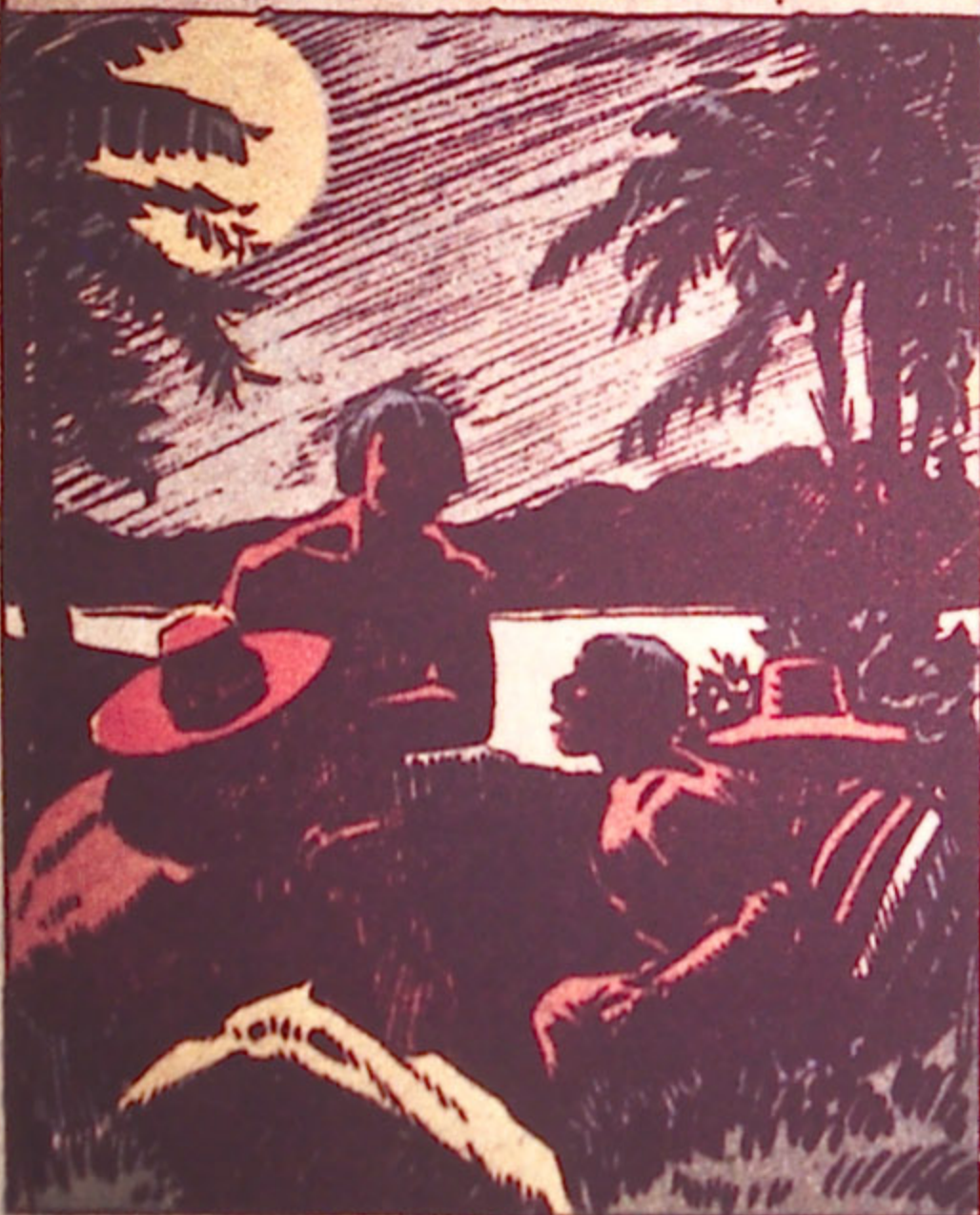


I SOMEHOW BELIEVE
MALCOLM IS ALIVE -
- IN THIS JUNGLE. I
DREAM I HEAR HIM
CALLING TO ME
AT NIGHT!

AH - YES - WE
WILL FIND HIM
DORIS, DON'T
WORRY -



THAT NITE THE PORTERS ARE RESTLESS AND AFRAID, THEY HUDDLE IN THE DARK, MUTTERING INCOHERENTLY AMONG THEMSELVES?



BAD - BAD - IT'S BAD - MR. SAUNDERS NATIVES AFRAID - NO SLEEP! BAD -

DON'T WORRY, BUJAMA! - I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON THEM TONIGHT.



AT MIDNIGHT - SPEED SITS BY THE CAMPFIRE FIGHTING OFF FATIGUE - AND INEVITABLE SLEEP



DORIS FALLS INTO A DEEP SLUMBER! ALL IS QUIET - EXCEPT THE HUM OF INSECTS AND THE OCCASIONAL HOWL OF A JUNGLE BEAST!



IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT TWO FIGURES STALK QUIETLY OUT OF THE CAMP BEARING THE INERT FORM OF DORIS DANE.



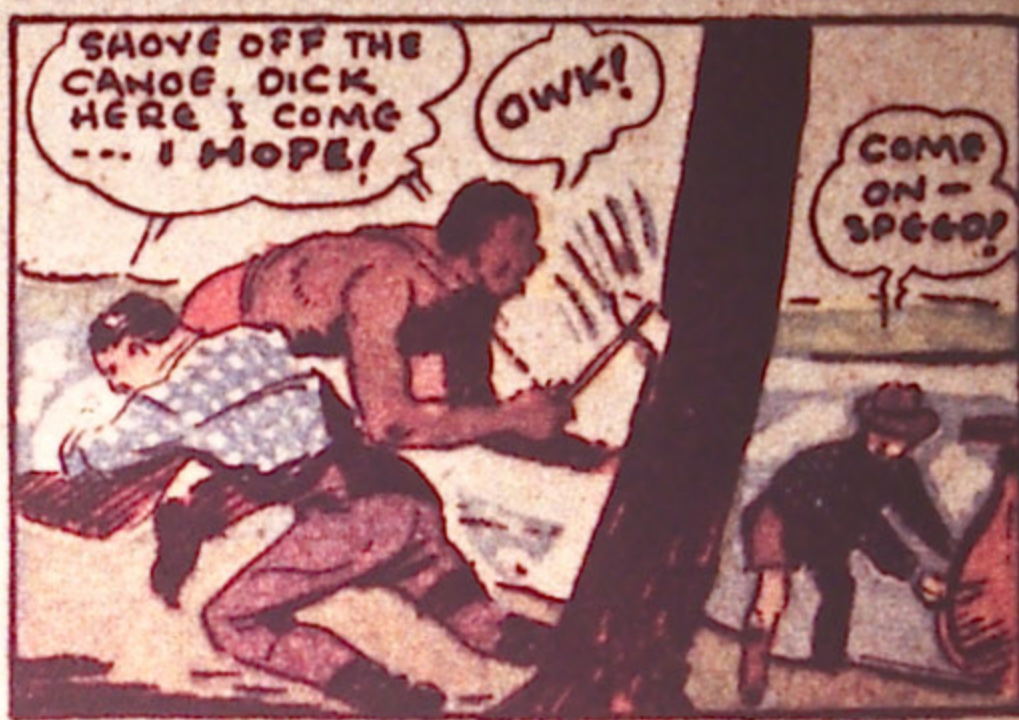
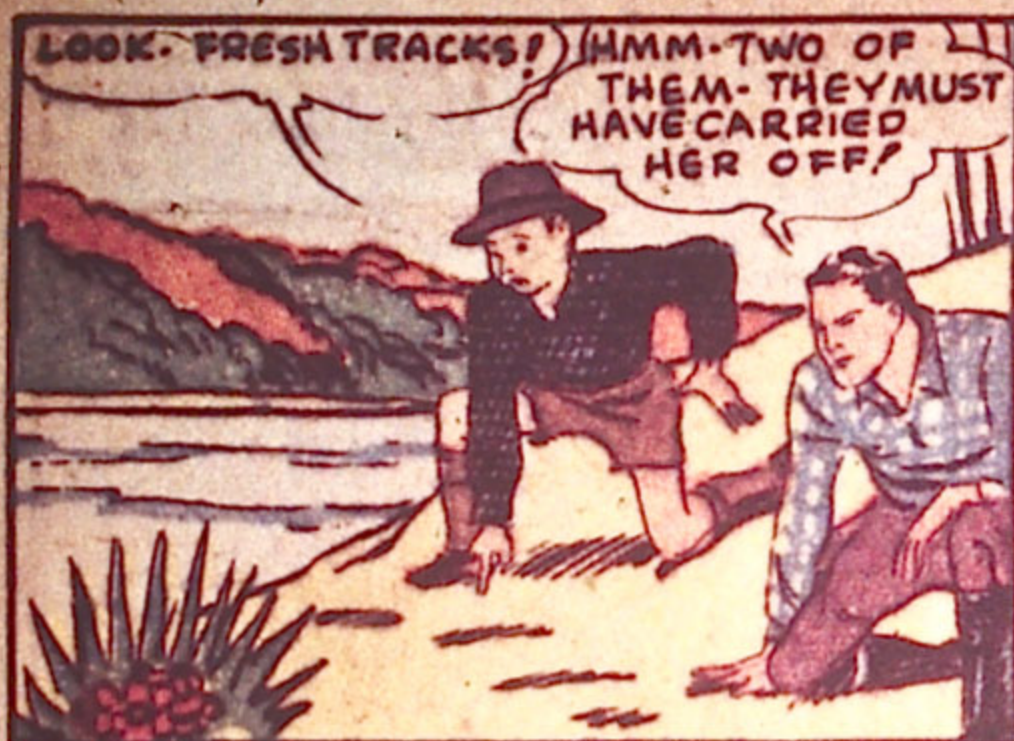
DAWN BURST UPON THE JUNGLE WITH A CRESCENDO OF WILD MUSIC MADE BY THE CHITTER CHITTER OF THE MONKEYS AND THE WEIRD CRIES OF THE BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL BIRDS AS THEY FLY ABOUT!



HEY! SPEED! WAKE UP! WHERE'S DORIS? SHE'S GONE! - YEAH - GONE!!

HUH - GONE? GEG - I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP!





HOLD ON TIGHT, DICK!
IF WE HIT A ROCK, WE'RE
GOING OVER!

MORE ROCKS
AHEAD.
SPEED -



SUDDENLY THE CANOE LURCHES AND
BECOME ALMOST ALIVE AS IT HITS A ROCK,
THROWING ITS OCCUPANTS INTO THE
CHURNING STREAM -



SPEED AND DICK STRUGGLE TO KEEP
THEIR HEADS UP AS THEY ARE SWEEPED
ON BY THE SWIRLING, ANGRY WATERS!



SPEED - SPEED -
(GASP) - THE FALLS
THE WATER -
FALLS!

-YEAH - KEEP
YOUR CHIN UP,
KID! I'LL GET
YOU OUT OKAY!



THE TWO ARE FIGHTING, STRUGGLING -
TO THE END, THEY ARE ABOUT TO GO
OVER THE FALLS - WHEN - OOPS! -
THEY ARE SWEEPED OUT OF THE WATER
BY A HUGE NET!



A NET WOVEN OF TWISTED VINES -
CARRIES THEM OUT OF THE WATER
INTO THE JUNGLE BY AN OVERHEAD
TROLLEY LINE - ??

GEE! IT
MUSTA BEEN
A SKY HOOK,
EH, SPEED?

YEAH - BUT
THIS IS THE
WORK OF A
WHITEMAN.



I THINK WE'LL FIND
DORIS - NOW!

GEE WILLY-NILLY!
LOOK WHERE
WE'RE GOING!



IN CAMP IS THE EVIL ONE, THE RULER!
AND THE INVENTOR OF THE NET TRAP —

YOU CAUGHT THE
OTHER TWO?

HA-YA NOW
WE BOIL-
THREE -
HA-YA!

GOOD!



LOOK - SPEED, THERE'S
DORIS IN THE OTHER NET!
SHE'S OVER A KETTLE
OF BOILING WATER!
WE GOTTA HELP
HER!

- BE READY
TO DROP - I
HAVE A HOLE
CUT THROUGH
THE NET - READY
NOW - A - LITTLE
MORE - -



WHEN THE NET IS SEVERED - SPEED
AND DICK DROP ON THE SURPRISED
GROUP.



DORIS SEES SPEED AND DICK

SPEED, DICK!
HURRY, HURRY
THEY'RE GOING TO
SCALD ME
ALIVE!



DORIS IS SLOWLY
LOWERED TO THE
KETTLE OF BOILING
WATER --- AND --



SPEED GRAPPLES
WITH THE WHITE
RULER AND OVER-
COMES HIM!



THE NET
CONTAINING
DORIS IS
RIGHT OVER
THE DRUM
OF SCALDING
WATER! SHE
IS TO BE
BOILED ALIVE
TO PLEASE
THE EVIL
ONE! THE
NET OPENS
AND SHE
IS FALLING
DOWN -
DOWN



SPEED RUSHES FORWARD AND CATCHES DORIS
BEFORE SHE FALLS TO HER DEATH




WHEN DORIS IS SAVED, THE SAVAGES
FLEE, LEAVING THEIR MASTER WHO IS
MALCOLM DANE THE LOST AVIATOR —

THE END


THE LAW AT WORK

EDDIE DOLL



HOLDUP MAN, AUTO THIEF, BANK ROBBER AND KILLER WAS POSING AS E. FOLEY, A TEXAS CATTLEMAN, WHEN HE MET A GIRL IN CHICAGO, BECAME FOND AND FORMED AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH HER - BEFORE HE REALIZED IT HE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER - THIS CAUSED HIM TO WANT TO QUIT THE RACKET AND GO STRAIGHT - IT ALSO LED TO HIS CAPTURE -

HE MARRIED THIS GIRL AND SETTLED DOWN, POSING AS A BIG CATTLE AND OIL MAN - HE EVEN MASQUERADED AS A FEDERAL AGENT - BUT IN ORDER TO KEEP UP THIS FRONT HE HAD TO STAY IN HIS CAREER OF CRIME - SOMETIMES THE LOOTS WERE SMALL AND THE RISKS WERE ALWAYS GREAT - -



BUT, AS THE G-MEN HAVE A WAY OF DOING, HE WAS FINALLY TRACKED DOWN THRU PATIENT AND NEVER ENDING STALKING - NOW ROTTING IN PRISON HE IS PAYING THE PENALTY FOR HIS EVIL DOINGS AND MUST ALWAYS THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HAD HE BEEN DECENT AND WORTHY OF A GOOD WOMAN'S LOVE - -

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

by Will Ely

Buck Marshall

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING

- FRAMING THE FRAMERS -

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE LIGHTLY SPURS HIS PAINT BRONCO OVER THE ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO SAGE CITY. HE HAS LEFT MANY MILES BEHIND HIM, SINCE RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF, ASKING HIS ASSISTANCE ON A CASE. TOPPING A ROCKY RIDGE, HE GETS A VIEW OF THE TOWN BELOW AND HALF AN HOUR LATER, SWINGS DOWN FROM THE SADDLE, IN FRONT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

THE SHERIFF IS AT HIS DESK, BUSY WITH SOME LEGAL PAPERS WHEN BUCK STRIDES THROUGH THE DOOR -

HELLO! SHERIFF.

HOW ARE YOU, BUCK? GLAD TO SEE YOU. DRAW UP A CHAIR.

BUCK, I'VE GOT ONE OF THE HARDEST JOBS I EVER HAD TO DO - GOT A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF HANK BURT, OWNER OF THE BOX B SPREAD, CHARGED WITH RUSTLIN' STOCK FROM THE DOUBLE O. I DON'T BELIEVE HE'S GUILTY -

I'M GOING UP TO THE BOX B RANCH NOW, TO GET BURT - COME ALONG AND LOOK THE OUTFIT OVER -

ANXIOUS TO GET STARTED ON HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE LATEST OUTBREAK OF CATTLE STEALING, THE SHERIFF AND BUCK START FOR THE BOX B RANGE.

THE DROUGHT HIT BURT PRETTY HARD. THE DOUBLE O BOUGHT IN A MORTGAGE THAT THE BANK WAS HOLDIN' AND IT'S ABOUT DUE - THE DOUBLE O CROWD CLAIMS HE'S BEEN RUSTLIN' THEIR STEERS TO RAISE THE MONEY.

IT MAY BE.

STEADY THERE, BURT! THERE'LL BE NO GUN-PLAY, UNLESS YOU INSIST ON IT!

ARRIVING AT THE BOX B RANCH BUCK AND THE SHERIFF FIND HANK BURT DOWN BY THE CORRAL. THEY DISMOUNT AND WALK OVER TO HIM.

HANK, I'VE GOT A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST ON THAT RUSTLIN' CHARGE.

I TELL YOU SHERIFF, IT'S A FRAME-UP AND IF YOU TRY -

TOO BAD YOU MADE
THAT MOVE HANK!
COME ALONG

O.K. SHERIFF,
I'LL GO ALONG
BUT I KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT
THAT RUSTLED BEEF

THE SHERIFF
TAKES BURT'S
GUN AND LETS
HIM GET HIS
HAT AND COAT,
THEN HE STARTS
BACK TO TOWN
WITH HIM—
MEANWHILE
BUCK STARTS
OFF TO LOOK
OVER THE
RANGE—

I'LL TAKE A SLANT AT
THAT NORTH RANGE WHERE
THEY SPOTTED THOSE
DOUBLE O
STEERS—

MEANWHILE
JIM FOLEY
THE BOX B
FOREMAN
IS ON HIS
WAY BACK
FROM THE
NORTH RANGE.
HE DOES NOT
KNOW THAT
THE SHERIFF
AND BUCK
HAVE BEEN
TO THE
RANCH.

I WONDER WHERE THAT
JASPER'S HEADIN'— I'LL
FIND OUT, PRONTO

LIFT 'EM HIGH
YOU, WHERE
YUN HEADIN'?

JUST TAKING SOME EXERCISE—
ANY
OBJECTION?

OH, YEH! WELL GET GOIN'— I'M FOREMAN
OF THIS SPREAD AND I DON'T LIKE
STRANGERS— SAVVY?

HE'S A NICE FRIENDLY JIGGER—
I'LL CIRCLE BACK AND
GET ACQUAINTED WITH
HIS TRACKS, SO THAT I
WON'T HAVE
TO RUN INTO
HIM AGAIN
FOR THE
PRESENT

I WONDER IF HE
TOOK ME FOR ONE
OF THE DOUBLE O
RANNIES?

LUCKY I DIDN'T
GET A SLUG IN
ME— WELL, I'LL
KNOW THOSE
HOOF TRACKS
AGAIN LEFT
HIND HOOF
TURNS IN

LEAPING INTO
THE SADDLE
BUCK HEADS
AGAIN FOR
THE NORTH
RANGE—
REACHING
A BEND IN
THE TRAIL
SUDDENLY, HE
CATCHES A
GLIMPSE OF A
RIDER AS HE
COMES INTO
VIEW, THEN
DISAPPEARS
BEHIND A
MASS OF ROCK

—WONDER WHERE THAT
HOMBRE IS GOING?
LOOKS LIKE HE
RODE RIGHT INTO
THAT ROCK PILE

LEAVING HIS WELL TRAINED HORSE IN A CLUMP OF MESQUITE. BUCK GOES FORWARD A FOOT TO INVESTIGATE —

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING OF HIM — LOOKS LIKE THERE MIGHT BE AN OPENING BACK OF THOSE BUSHES



NOW I SEE WHERE THAT JASPER DISAPPEARED. THIS DOOR LIKE OPENING ENTERS THE WALLED-OFF END OF A BOX CANYON



FOLLOWING THROUGH THE OPENING, BUCK ENTERS THE CANYON AND PICKS UP THE TRAIL LEFT BY THE RIDER.

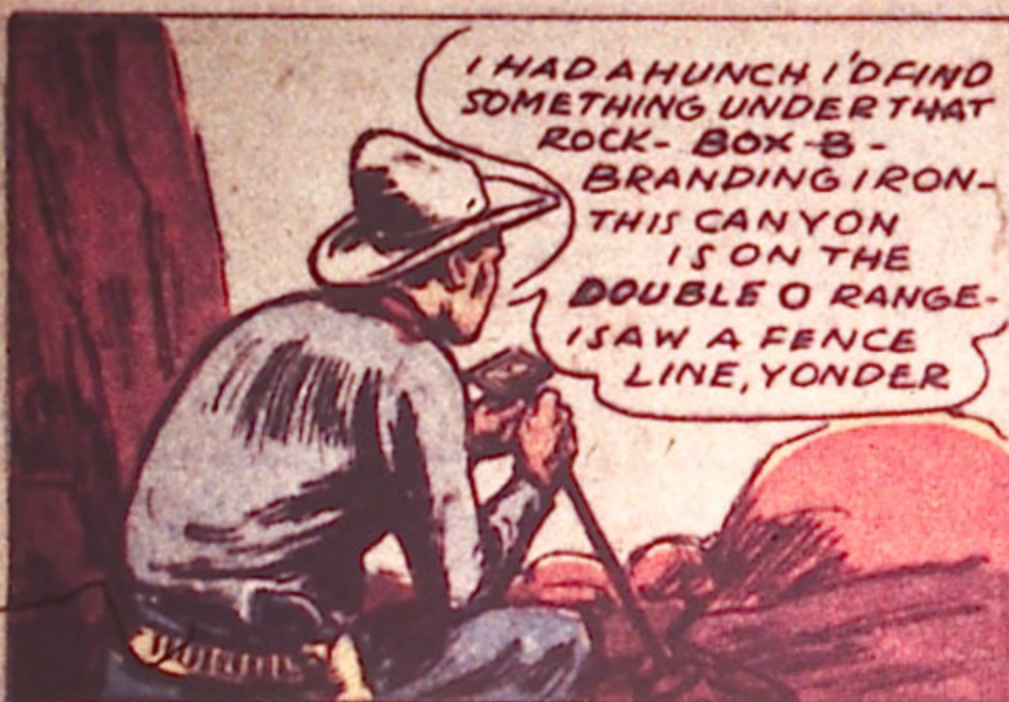
HE CAME THROUGH THE OPENING AND DISMOUNTED HERE



HE WALKED OVER TO THIS CLUMP OF BUSHES — THAT FLAT ROCK HAS BEEN LIFTED. I'LL TAKE A LOOK UNDER IT.



I HAD A HUNCH I'D FIND SOMETHING UNDER THAT ROCK — BOX-B-BRANDING IRON — THIS CANYON IS ON THE DOUBLE O RANGE — I SAW A FENCE LINE, YONDER



CAREFULLY REPLACING THE BRAND-ING IRON EXACTLY AS HE HAD FOUND IT. BUCK GOES BACK TO WHERE HE HAD LEFT HIS BRONCO — IN ANOTHER MOMENT, HE IS ON HIS WAY AGAIN

I'LL GET ON TO THE NORTH RANGE



SUDDENLY THE BRONCO SWERVES FROM THE TRAIL, PICKS UP IT'S EARS AND SHORTS-LYING, PARTLY CONCEALED BY BRUSH, IS THE FIGURE OF A COWBOY

WHAT THE SAM HILL'S HAPPENED HERE?



WAS ON — MY WAY — TO LINE CABIN — NORTH RANGE — DRY-GULCHED — LEFT FOR DEAD — HURRY — THEY'RE — RUNNIN' OFF — THE STEERS —



WELL THAT RANNY'S
GONE TO THE LAST
ROUND-UP. WISH HE
COULD HAVE TOLD ME
MORE BEFORE HE DIED-
I'LL LOOK AROUND
FOR TRACKS-

THAT HOMBRE EVIDENTLY DIDN'T
FIT IN WITH SOMEBODY'S PLANS-
THE KILLER STOOD BEHIND THESE
ROCKS- HERE'S A
SHELL - HE DIDN'T
WAIT LONG - KNEW
WHEN HIS VICTIM
WOULD COME -

CONCEALING
THE BODY
OF THE DEAD
COWBOY IN
A BRUSH-COVERED
HOLLOW, BUCK
HASTENSON ON
HIS WAY TO
THE NORTH
RANGE, WHERE
THE MIS-BRANDED
STEERS ARE
HERDED

THERE'S THE ROOF
OF THE CABIN JUST
OVER THAT RISE -
I'LL HIDE THE HORSE
AND GUM-SHOE
AROUND
TO THE
BACK

SOMEONE'S IN THE CABIN -
IF I CAN GET UNDER
THAT SIDE WINDOW
WITHOUT THAT CAYUSE
NICKERING AND GIVING
ME AWAY -

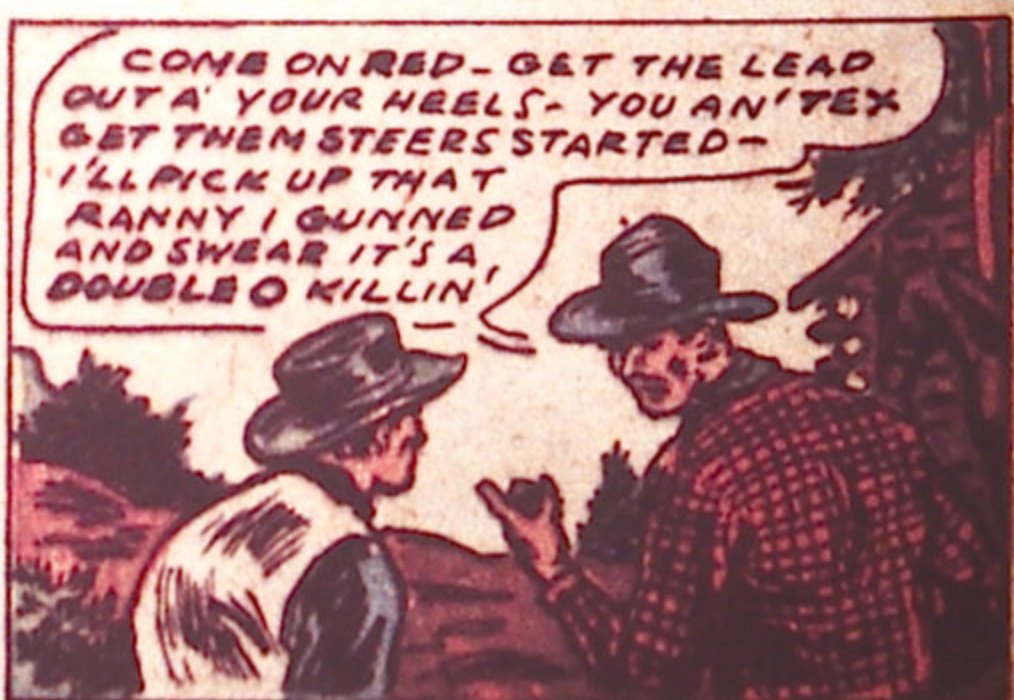
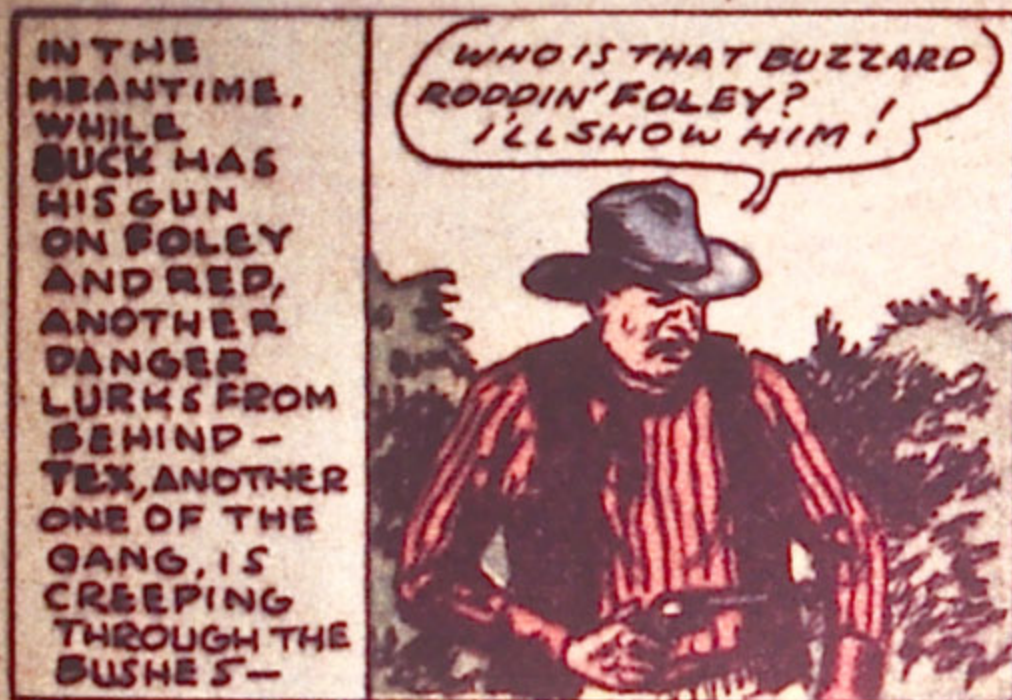
SOMEBODY JUST RODE
UP TO THE FRONT DOOR -
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT
WINDOW - MAY
HEAR SOMETHING

WAKE UP RED, WE
GOT TO GET THEM
STEERS STARTED FOR
THE BORDER, PRONTO -
PETE AN' TEX LET
THAT NEW WADDY
GET AWAY -
I GOT THAT
OTHER
COWPOKE,
THOUGH!

PRESENTLY
THE
NEW-COMER
GOES OUT
THROUGH
THE FRONT
DOOR TO
GET HIS
HORSE -
HE CALLS
BACK TO
RED -

(WE WOULDN'T NEED
TO WORRY ABOUT
THE SHERIFF
IF IT WASN'T
FER THAT OTHER
COWPOKE
GETTIN' AWAY)

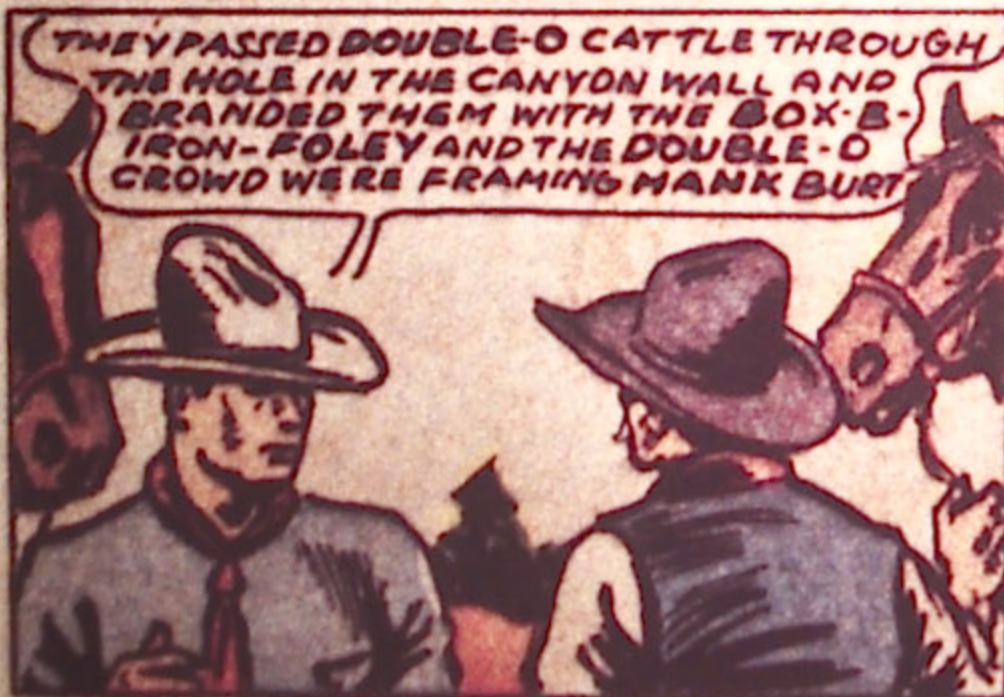
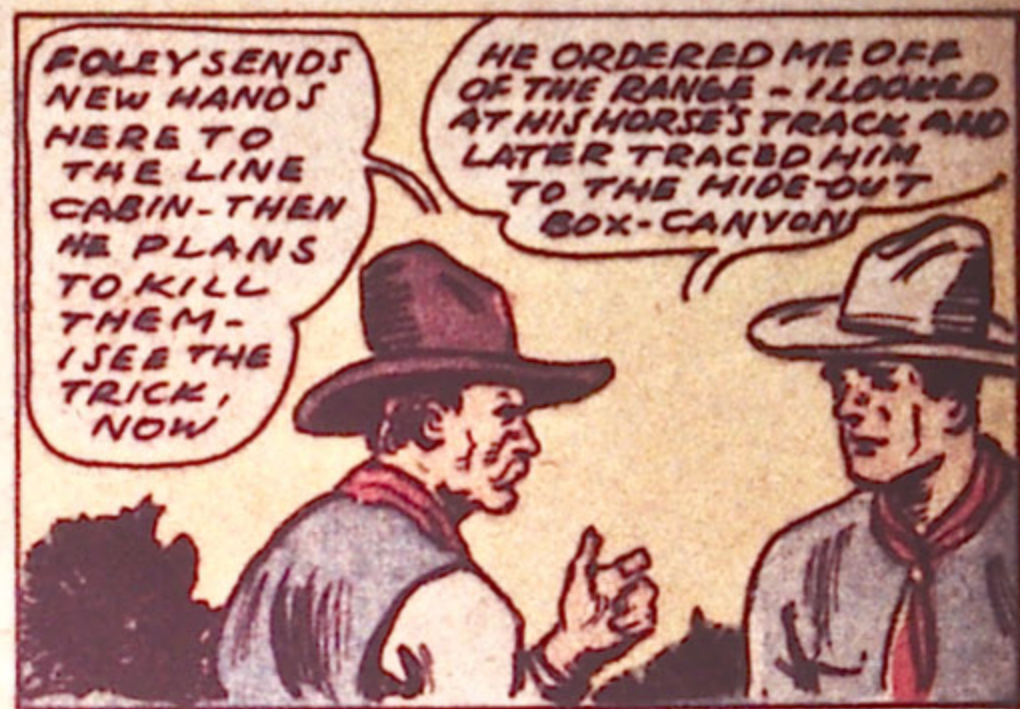
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
RED'S COMING OUT
THE BACK DOOR FOR
HIS HORSE -
I HOPE
THIS WORKS



MEANWHILE THE SHERIFF IS ON HIS WAY WITH TWO DEPUTIES TO GUARD THE RUSTLED STEERS ON THE NORTH RANGE - REACHING A POINT ABOVE THE LINE CABIN THEY WITNESS THE SLUGGING OF BUCK -



AFTER DISARMING FOLEY AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS, THE SHERIFF FORCES TEX TO POINT OUT WHERE HE HAD TAKEN BUCK -



LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE
DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

WHAT NANCY TOOK FOR A BLACKMAILING RACKET HAS DEVELOPED INTO A KIDNAPPING—TWO CROOKS HAVE HER PRISONER IN A BASEMENT OF AN OLD TENEMENT IN HARLEM—LARRY AND THE POLICE WHO WERE ON THE TRAIL OF THE KIDNAPPERS HAVE FOUND THEIR CAR DESERTED, BUT NO TRACE OF THE KIDNAPPERS OR THE GIRL ---



YOU TWO, STAND
GUARD OUT HERE-
LARRY AND I'LL
GO IN--



SHALL WE
RING?

NO-WE'LL TRY SOME
OF THESE KEYS I HAVE HERE.



WHILE IN THE BASEMENT--

NOW YOU JUST
SIT TIGHT, SISTER,
AND YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT--

WHAT ELSE
CAN I DO?



WE'LL GET
SOME GRUB,
AND THEN
I'LL WRITE
A NICE LETTER
TO HER OLD
MAN



HEY, LOOK!
SOMEBODY'S
AT THE DOOR!

WHO IS IT?



BULLS! THEY'VE
SPOTTED US!

PIPE DOWN! WE CAN GIVE 'EM
THE SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY!



WE'LL HAVE TO
STEP ON IT!!
THEY'LL GET
IN ANY MINUTE
NOW!



I JUST SAW
SOMEONE IN
THERE- NEVER
MIND THE KEYS
WE'LL BLAST
THE LOCK !!



LET'S GO!!



TOO LATE! HERE THEY
COME!!

BLAST 'EM!!



THE CROOKS DUCK FOR COVER AND OPEN FIRE --



HEY-THEY'RE
SHOOTING!!

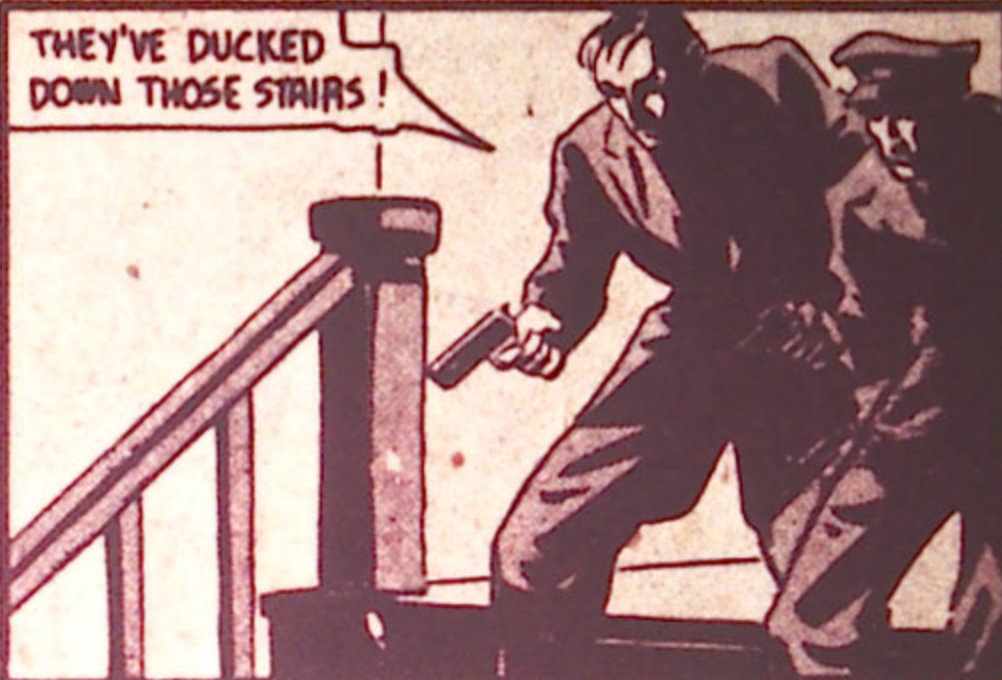
I'LL GO AROUND THE
BACK WAY!



COME ON!
GET THE
GIRL! WE'LL
USE HER AS
A SHIELD



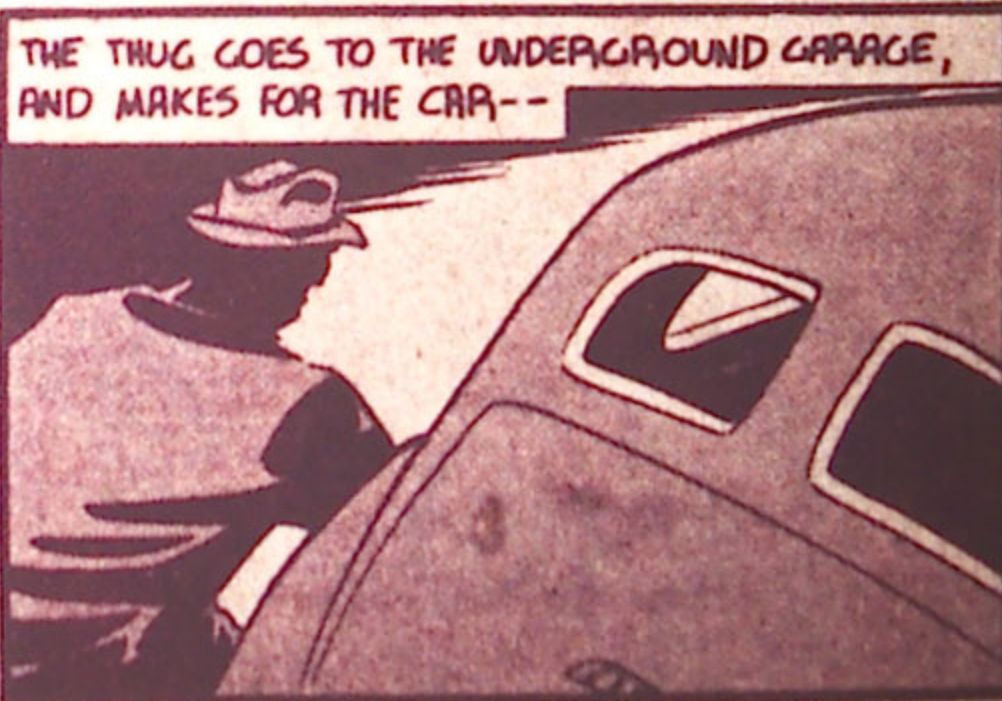
THEY'VE DUCKED
DOWN THOSE STAIRS!



YOU GET THE
CAR STARTED!
I'LL BRING
THE GIRL-



THE THUG GOES TO THE UNDERGROUND GARAGE,
AND MAKES FOR THE CAR--



BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE COP WHO WENT TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING BREAKS IN THE GARAGE DOORS



PUT 'EM UP, MUG!

TAKE THAT, COPPER!



THE CROOK'S AIM IS WILD AND THE COP RIDDLES HIM-



NOW TO BLOCK THIS EXIT!



THE OTHER CROOK GRABS NANCY AND FORCES HER TO HER FEET-

YOU AN' ME ARE LAMMIN' OUT OF HERE!



THERE'S ONE OF THEM

LOOK OUT! HE HAS THE GIRL WITH HIM!



HOLD YER FIRE, COPPERS, OR SHE GETS IT IN THE BACK!



THAT'S IT-NOW WE'LL BE LEAVIN', BEAUTIFUL.



AS THE CROOK APPROACHES THE GARAGE, THE COP INSIDE SEES THE SITUATION AND HIDES, HOPING TO GET A SHOT AT THE CROOK WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE GIRL-



THE CROOK DRAGS THE GIRL INTO THE GARAGE AND MAKES FOR THE CAR-



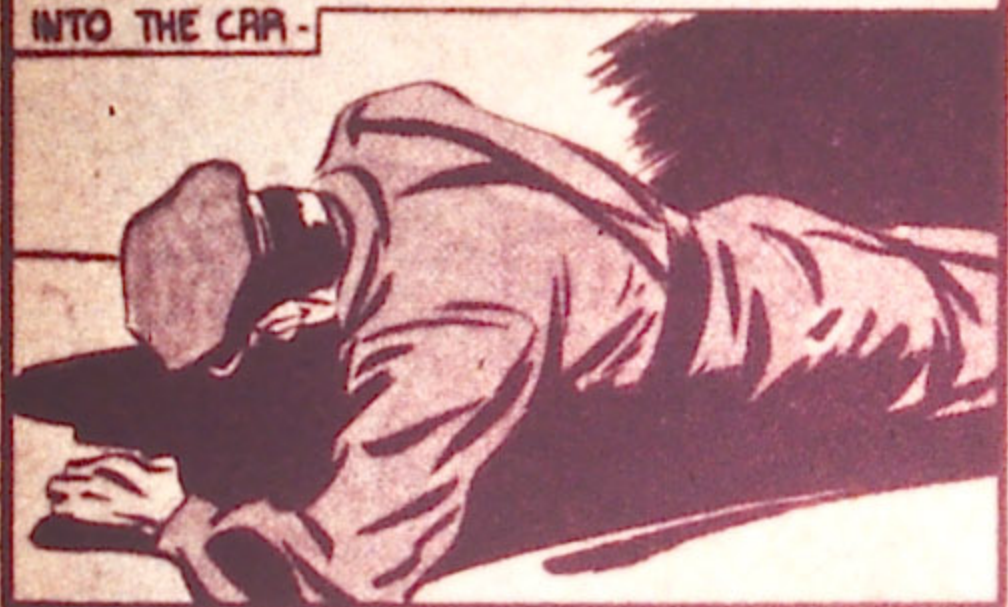
SEEING AN OPENING THE COP FIRES BUT MISSES -



QUICK AS A FLASH THE KIDNAPPER BLAZES AWAY, WOUNDING THE OFFICER -



HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR AND NANCY IS DRAGGED INTO THE CAR -



LARRY, SENSING WHAT IS GOING ON, LEAPS OUT OF A WINDOW TO A ROOF BELOW -



DROPPING TO THE GROUND, HE IS IN THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING AUTO OF THE KIDNAPPER -



HE OPENS FIRE, SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD WHERE THE CROOK IS SITTING -



THE CAR SWEERVES AND CRASHES AGAINST A FENCE -



LARRY RUSHES IN AND DRAGS NANCY FROM THE WRECKAGE - THE KIDNAPPER IS DEAD - SHOT BETWEEN THE EYES - - -



THE OTHERS RUSH OUT, INCLUDING THE WOUNDED COP -



ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, MISS
JENKS?

YES, I'M ALL IN ONE PIECE I GUESS
- SAY !! -



YOU'RE THE
NEW BUTLER,
AREN'T YOU?



I WAS FOR
A WHILE--
I'M REALLY
LARRY STEELE,
PRIVATE
DETECTIVE -

NOW I KNOW - I SAW YOU
ONCE AT THE WILKES' HOME!



THAT'S IT -
NOW TELL
ME - WHO
WAS THIS,
AND WHAT
WAS HIS
GAME? I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
BEING
BLACKMAILED -

I WAS UNTIL THESE KID-
NAPPERS KILLED THE
BLACKMAILER AND TRIED
FOR BIGGER STAKES - -



WELL, SINCE
THEY ARE ALL
DEAD AS A
RESULT OF
THEIR EVIL
DOINGS, I
GUESS YOU
AND YOUR
FATHER CAN
LIVE IN
PEACE NOW -

THANKS TO YOU,
MR. STEELE -



END

TOO MANY CROOKS.

by Tom Hickey.



*another
Bruce Nelson
adventure.*

IN THE OFFICE OF THE FAMOUS
FRENCH DIAMOND MERCHANT,
HENRI GOURMIER, SAT M. GOURMIER
AND LLOYD PARSONS, BUYER FOR THE
FAMOUS AMERICAN FIRM, CHARTERIS & CO.

VEREE WELL, M'SSIEU PARSONS.
THE FAMOUS OMAR DIAMOND IS
YOURS FOR \$250,000.

IT IS PERFECT
M. GOURMIER.
CONSIDER THE
DEAL CLOSED.

I WANT YOU TO DELIVER THE DIAMOND TO ME AT THE
PURSERS OFFICE ON BOARD THE MONARCH AT 12:30
TO-MORROW. YOU'LL GET YOUR CHECK THEN.



I WONDER IF YOU WOULD MIND
SEALING THE DIAMOND NOW. THEN
THE PACKAGE WON'T HAVE TO BE
PENED AT THE PURSERS OFFICE.

WITH PLAISURE
M'SSIEU.



AS GOURMIER CROSSED THE ROOM TO GET THE WAX,
PARSONS SLIPPED THE OMAR DIAMOND INTO HIS POCKET
AND REPLACED IT WITH AN IMITATION.

HERE YOU ARE M'SSIEU PARSONS.
IS THAT SATISFACTORY?

FINE M. GOURMIER
THEN I'LL SEE YOU
AT THE BOAT AT
12:30 P.M. TO-MORROW.



THE NEXT DAY - THE MONARCH LAY AT ANCHOR PREPARATORY TO ITS NEW YORK SAILING.



BRUCE NELSON STOOD LEANING ON THE RAIL WATCHING THE MILLING THROG.



THERE'S LLOYD PARSONS, THE DIAMOND BUYER FOR CHARTERIS & CO COMING ON BOARD. I WONDER WHAT LITTLE TRINKET HE PICKED UP THIS TIME?



OH HO! AND THERE'S CAULKINS AND STRAFACCHI. TWO OF OUR SLICKEST JEWEL THIEVES. I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY KNOW PARSONS IS TAKING THIS BOAT.

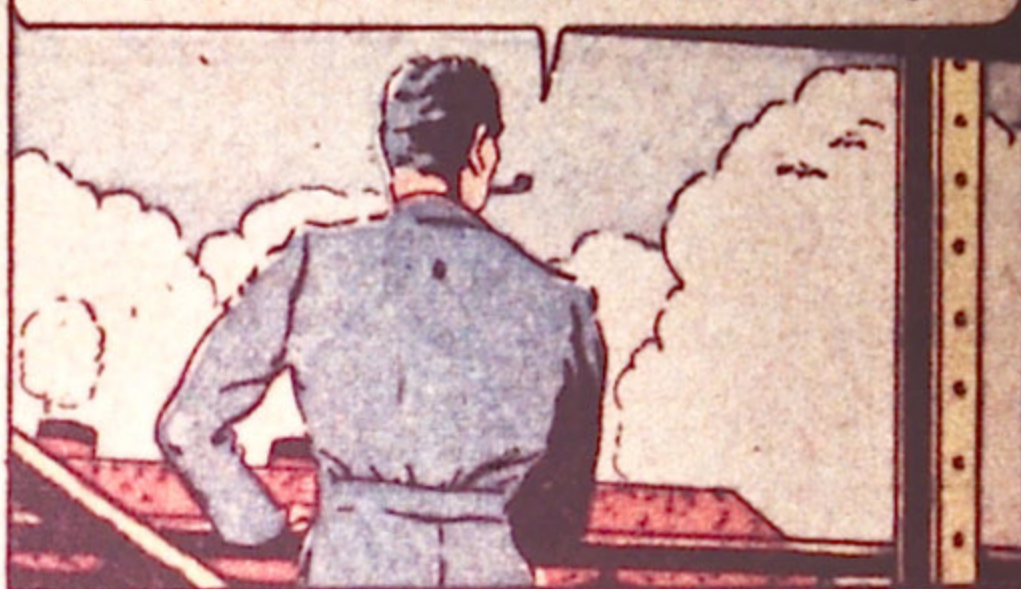


THERE'S PARSONS GOING ON BOARD NOW. I WONDER IF HE'S GOT THE ICE ON HIM?

C'MON! LET'S GO ON BOARD!



WELL, I GUESS I'LL SETTLE DOWN IN A DECK CHAIR AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE NEWSPAPER.



HMM! A BIT OF PUBLICITY FOR CHARTERIS AND CO. SO THAT'S WHAT PARSONS IS CARRYING AND CAULKINS AND STRAFACCHI HAVE THEIR EYE ON ALREADY.



FAMOUS OMAR GEM COMING TO AMERICA



Lloyd Parsons

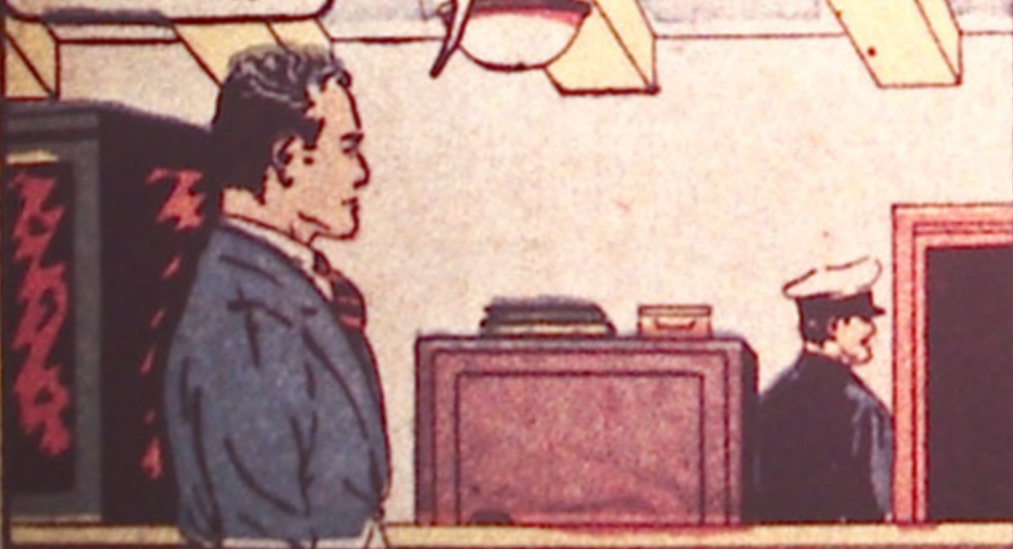
Lloyd Parsons buys famous diamond for Charteris & Co, for 250,000 dollars from Gourmier, famous diamond merchant.

PARIS - 1931

HE'LL PROBABLY CHECK IN AT THE PURSER'S OFFICE. I THINK I'LL STROLL DOWN THAT WAY AND GIVE A LOOK SEE.



THERE'S SEVERAL PEOPLE AROUND THE PURSER'S OFFICE BUT I DON'T SEE PARSONS YET. — HERE HE COMES NOW.



HERE IS YOUR DIAMOND. AS WE SEALED IT YESTERDAY.

AND HERE IS YOUR CERTIFIED CHECK.



SO, HE'S GOT A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX. THAT'S GONNA MAKE IT TOUGH.

YEAH — I THINK THERE IS SOMETHING SCREWY HERE. THIS THING WAS DONE TOO PUBLICLY.



THERE GOES BRUCE NELSON, THE CRACK AMATEUR SLEUTH.



PARSONS WALKED UP TO THE COUNTER. IN A MOMENT HE WAS JOINED BY M. GOURMIER.

BON JOUR M'SSIEU PARSONS.

HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY, M. GOURMIER.



HERE IS THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX YOU RESERVED, MR. PARSONS.



SO PARSONS PUT THE DIAMOND PACKET IN THE BOX, LOCKED IT, PUT THE KEY IN HIS POCKET, BID GOOD-BYE TO M. GOURMIER AND MADE HIS WAY TO HIS STATEROOM. NELSON WATCHED HIM GO.

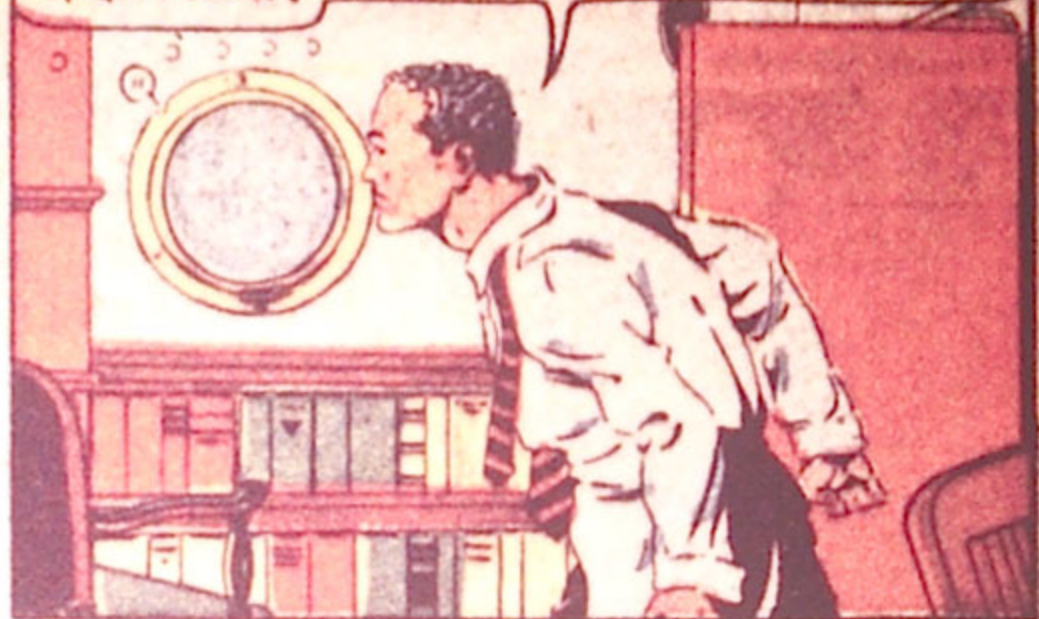
PARSONS, I WONDER IF YOU FEEL AS COMPLACENT AS YOU LOOK?



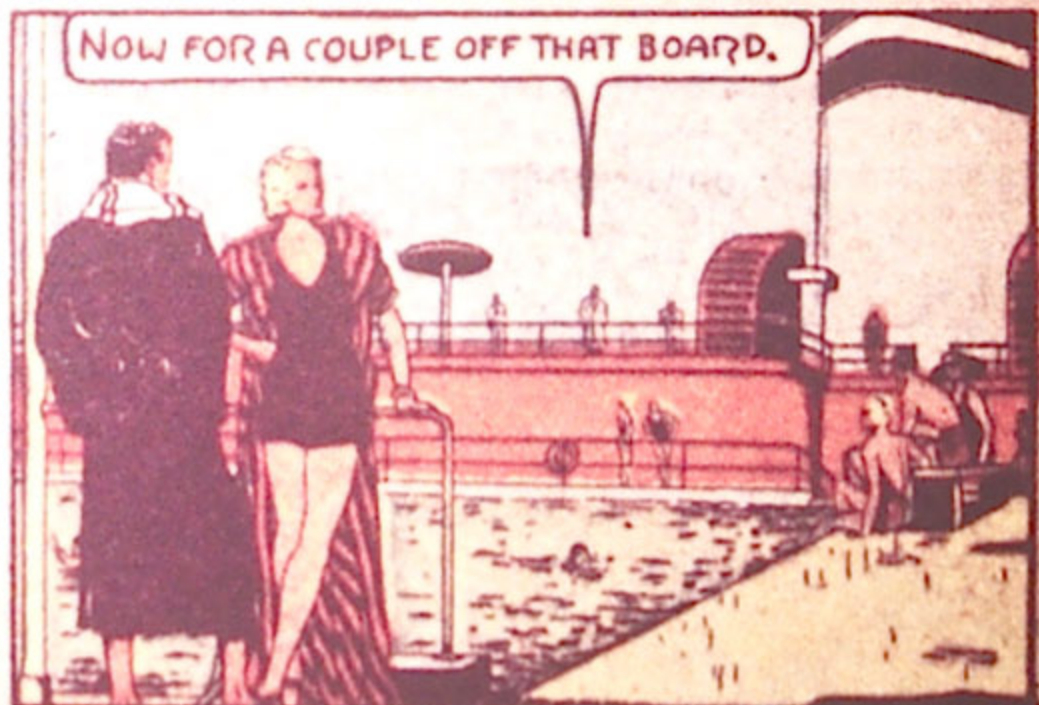
FINALLY THE FAMILIAR CALL "ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE" RANG OUT. THE BIG SHIP HAULED ANCHOR AND SET SAIL FOR AMERICA.



I THINK A DIP IN THE POOL WOULD BE REFRESHING RIGHT NOW.



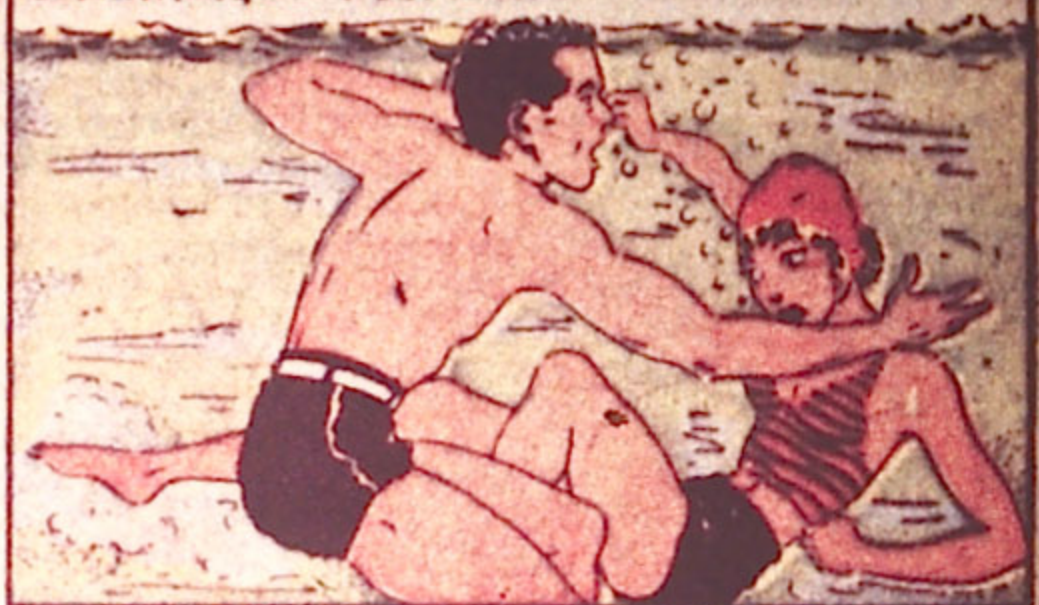
NOW FOR A COUPLE OFF THAT BOARD.



NELSON CLIMBED TO THE DIVING PLATFORM AND DOVE.



AS HE WAS RISING TO THE SURFACE HE SMACKED INTO SOMETHING SOFT BUT SOLID.



HE ROSE TO THE SURFACE AND THERE SPUTTERING BESIDE HIM WAS AN ASTONISHINGLY PRETTY GIRL.



I BEG YOUR PARDON. I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE AROUND WHEN I DOVE.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT. I WAS SWIMMING UNDER WATER. I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THE DIVING ZONE.



THEY WERE STRANGELY ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER IMMEDIATELY. THEY CLIMBED FROM THE POOL AND STRETCHED OUT IN THE SUN TOGETHER.



IN CASE YOU WANT TO CALL ME SOMETHING FOR RUNNING INTO YOU IN THE POOL - WHY NOT TRY BRUCE NELSON.

BEING A PERFECT LADY, THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN CALL YOU, AND THE LADY IS NONE OTHER THAN PATRICIA BARDEN - PAT TO MY IRISH FRIENDS.



I READ IN THE MORNING PAPER THAT THE FAMOUS OMAR DIAMOND IS ON BOARD. - DO YOU KNOW MR. PARSONS?

FAINTLY. I MET HIM ONCE BUT I DOUBT IF HE WOULD REMEMBER ME.



HIS WORK MUST BE VERY INTERESTING. I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM. I HAVE AN UNCLE IN HIS LINE IN CHICAGO. THEY MIGHT KNOW EACH OTHER.



HE'LL PROBABLY BE IN THE DINING SALON TONIGHT. WHY NOT DINE WITH ME AND I'LL TRY AND ARRANGE AN INTRODUCTION?

I'D LOVE IT. BUT YOU SEE I'M TRAVELING WITH MY AUNT AND WE USUALLY DINE TOGETHER - WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US FOR DINNER?



FINE! - THEN ADIOS UNTIL TONIGHT.



THAT'S THE FIRST REALLY DECENT DINNER I'VE HAD IN MONTHS. I CAN'T STAND MOST CONTINENTAL FOOD.

I SEE MR. PARSONS IS AT THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE MY CUE.



IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL SEE IF I CAN ARRANGE TO HAVE YOU MEET HIM.



THAT NIGHT.

A COUPLE OF NICE PEOPLE, BUT THEY SHOW AN ALMOST UNHEALTHY INTEREST IN PARSONS. — OH WELL! — MAYBE THEIR INTEREST IS ONLY IN MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCES.



HOW DO YOU DO MR. PARSONS. MY NAME IS BRUCE NELSON. I MET YOU AT A DINNER AT THE RITZ-BELMORE IN NEW YORK. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU REMEMBER ME OR NOT.



ER-UM-AH-AHEM! NELSON? — TO BE SURE.

THE PARTY AT MY TABLE IS INTERESTED IN MEETING YOU. MISS PATRICIA BARDEN AND HER AUNT MRS. JESSUP. THEY'RE RELATED TO A HUGH MORRISON IN CHICAGO WHOM THEY BELIEVE YOU MIGHT KNOW.



HUGH MORRISON OF TENAFLY LTD? TO BE SURE! I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MOMENT MR. NELSON.



THANK YOU SIR.

— TWENTY MINUTES LATER. —

YOUR AUNT AND MR. PARSONS SEEM TO HAVE FOUND MUTUAL INTERESTS SO LET'S DANCE PAT.



IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL. — MR. PARSONS CABIN IS RIGHT ACROSS THE HALL FROM OURS.



MAYBE HE'LL INVITE YOU INTO SEE HIS DIAMOND INSTEAD OF HIS ETCHINGS.

BUT HE KEEPS THE DIAMOND IN A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE.

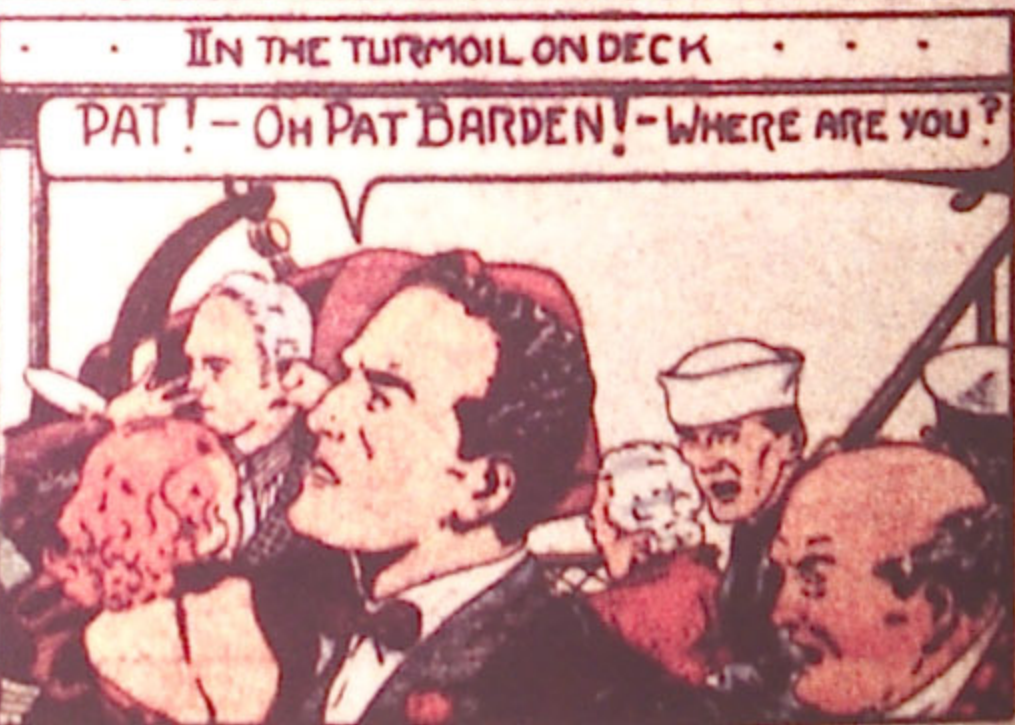
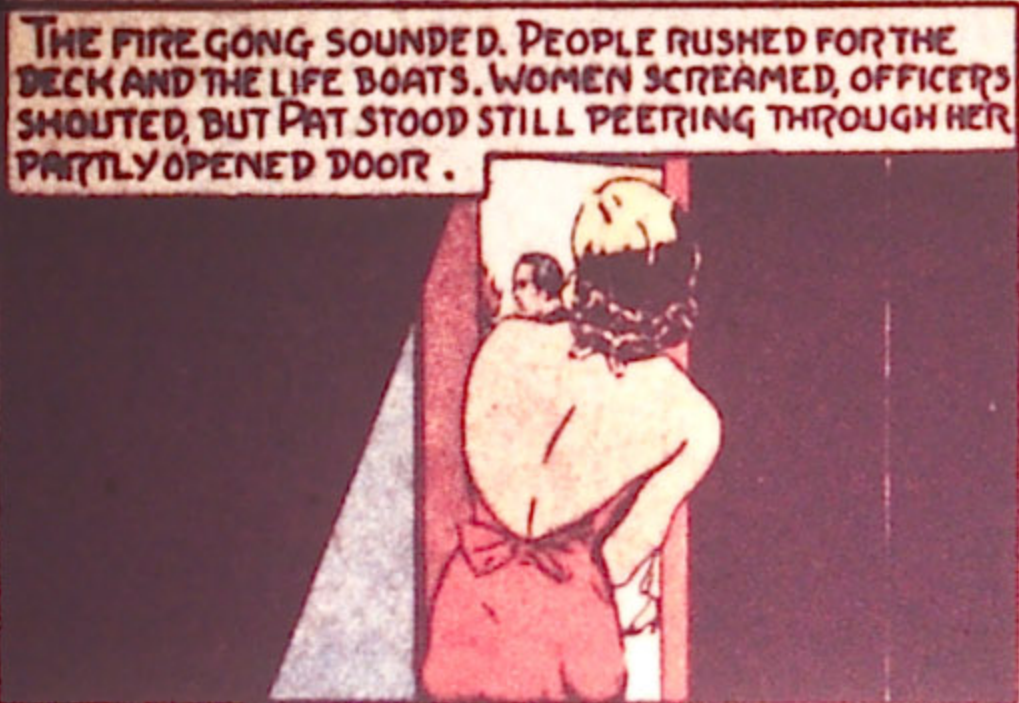
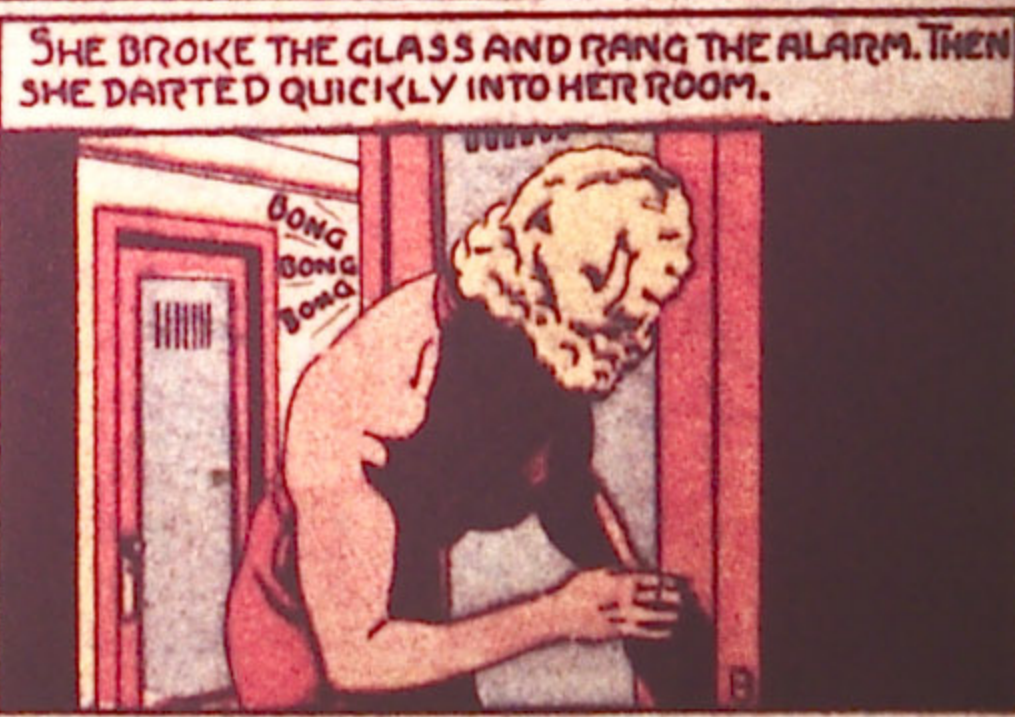


THAT'S RIGHT. THEN IT WILL HAVE TO BE THE ETCHINGS.

I SEE AUNT LAURA AND MR. PARSONS ARE STILL AT IT.

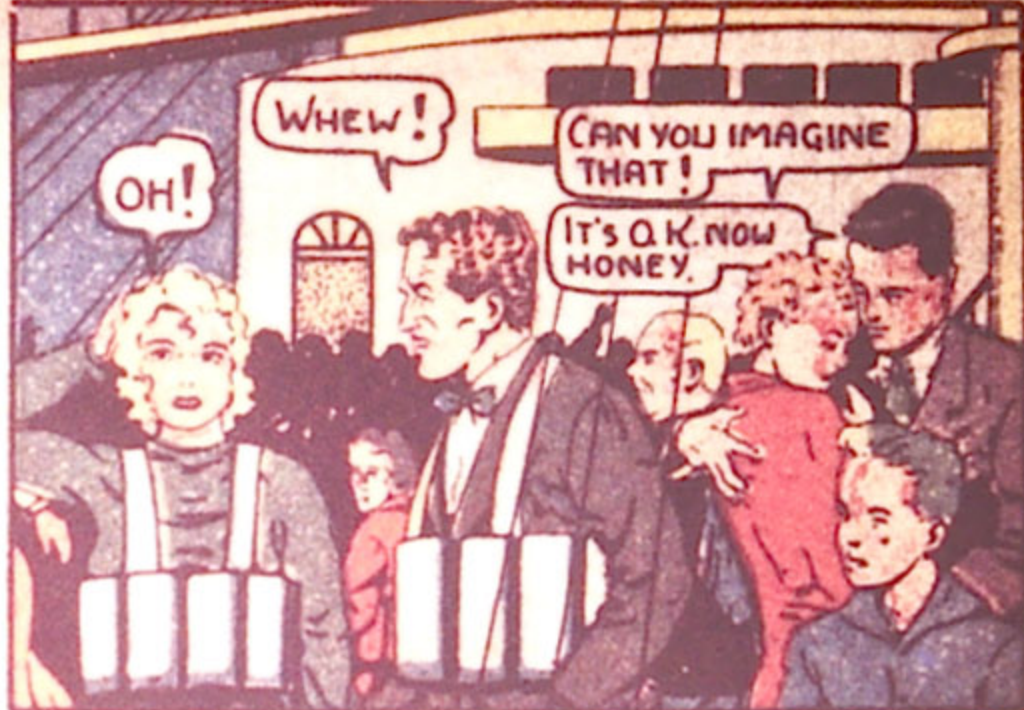


FINE! LET'S GO SEE IF THEY HUNG OUT THAT MOON I ORDERED FOR TONIGHT.



SUDDENLY AN OFFICER APPEARED, MEGAPHONE IN HAND.

PLEASE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! QUIET! — THERE IS NO FIRE. IT WAS ONLY A FALSE ALARM. WE REGRET EXCEEDINGLY THE DISTURBANCE IT CAUSED.



OH!

WHEW!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT!

IT'S O.K. NOW HONEY.

IN PAT'S STATEROOM.

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? SOME FOOL, PROBABLY AN INEBRIATE, TURNED IN THAT ALARM. WHERE WERE YOU ALL THE TIME?

I'M NEITHER A FOOL OR AN INEBRIATE. I TURNED IN THE ALARM AND I WAS HERE ALL THE TIME.



YOU! — BUT WHY?



I THOUGHT IF THERE WAS A FIRE ALARM THE FIRST THING PARSONS WOULD THINK OF WOULD BE THE

DIAMOND AND GO FOR IT. I WAS RIGHT. AND HE DID NOT GO TO THE PURSER'S OFFICE. HE WENT TO HIS ROOM. THAT'S WHERE THE REAL DIAMOND IS. THE OTHER'S ONLY A DECOY.



MEANWHILE IN THE STATEROOM OF CAULKINS' AND STRAFACCHI.

AND SO WHEN THE FIRE ALARM RANG I BEAT IT FOR THE PURSER'S OFFICE THINKING I'D SEE PARSONS THERE AND THAT MAYBE I COULD GET THE DIAMOND FROM HIM IN THE CONFUSION.

YEAH — GOON!



WELL PARSONS DIDN'T SHOW UP, BUT THAT GUY WHO SPOKE TO HIM AT DINNER AND THEN INTRODUCED HIM TO THOSE TWO WOMEN, DID. HE HUNG AROUND WITH AN ANXIOUS LOOK ON HIS FACE.

I THOUGHT HE LOOKED PRETTY SLICK. WE'VE GOT TO WATCH HIM OR HE'LL BE BEATING US TO THE ROCK.



YEAH, BUT DO YOU GET THIS ANGLE? IF PARSONS DIDN'T SHOW UP, THAT MEANS THE DIAMOND IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT IS A PHONY. HE'S GOT THE REAL ONE SOME WHERE ELSE. PROBABLY IN HIS ROOM.

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, THIS SHOULD BE EASY.



I'VE A HUNCH THEIR NEXT MOVE WILL BE MADE AT THE MASQUERADE BALL TONIGHT. I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES OPEN.



THAT NIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE BALL.

I'LL HAVE A SWEET TIME FINDING PAT IN THIS ZOO.



MY NAME'S FREELAND - OF FREELAND, FREELAND AND HEMMLER. THE GREATEST MENS' CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS IN NEW YORK! WHAT'S YOUR LINE PARDNER?

ER - I'M IN OIL - IN TEXAS.



• AND IN STILL ANOTHER STATE ROOM •

NONE OF THE OFFICERS OR CREW KNOW HOW THE ALARM WAS TURNED IN. SOMEONE IS LAYING A CLEVER TRAP TO GET HOLD OF THAT DIAMOND AND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO.



NOW THAT WE'RE PRETTY SURE THE DIAMOND IS IN PARSONS STATE ROOM HERE'S OUR PLAN. WE'LL PULL IT TONIGHT DURING THE MASQUERADE BALL. NOW GET THIS -



HI YA PARDNER! GOT A MATCH?

NO. THEY SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN TO PUT POCKETS IN THIS THING.



OIL, HEY! I USED TO KNOW AN OIL MAN, NAME OF SMITH. HAPPEN TO KNOW HIM? HE COMES FROM OUT YOUR WAY.

NO, I DON'T THINK SO.

HOW DID I GET TANGLED UP WITH THIS. HE MUST HAVE BEEN VACCINATED WITH A VICTROLA NEEDLE.



WHEN YOU'RE IN THE BIG CITY
SOMETIME AND NEED SOME
NICE CLOTHES LOOK —

PARDON ME, WILL YOU
OLD MAN! THERE'S SOME
ONE I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR — OH PAT!



OIL, — OH YEAH!



HEY! YOU ARE
BEAUTIFUL, AREN'T YOU?

HELLO
TARZAN!
WHERE ARE
ALL YOUR
APES?



WHAT IS THIS, A ROMANCE?
YOUR AUNT AND MR. PARSONS
HAVE FOUND A NICE SECLUDED
CORNER AGAIN!

AUNT LAURA IS
QUITE A TALKER
WHEN SHE GETS
AN APPRECIATIVE
EAR.



BRUCE, I HAVE A TERRIFIC HEADACHE. DO YOU MIND
VERY MUCH IF I GO TO MY ROOM AND LIE DOWN FOR
ABOUT HALF AN HOUR?



I THINK I'LL GO PUT
SOME CLOTHES ON...
I FEEL PRETTY SILLY
IN THIS RAQ.



ONCE IN HER STATE ROOM PAT MOVED QUICKLY.
SHE TOOK OFF HER COSTUME AND PUT ON A MAID'S
UNIFORM AND CHANGED HER HAIR DRESS.



PATRICIA, SUCCESS
OR FAILURE, THIS IS
YOUR LAST JOB!
YOU'RE GOING
STRAIGHT SO
YOU CAN HOLD
UP YOUR HEAD
WITH DECENT
PEOPLE —
I-LIKE-BRUCE.



CROSSING THE HALL SHE OPENED PARSONS' DOOR WITH A SKELETON KEY.



ONCE INSIDE SHE WORKED WITH SPEED AND DEFTNESS. SHE SEARCHED THE ROOM FROM TOP TO BOTTOM BUT SHE COULDN'T LOCATE THE DIAMOND.



IT MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE. IF LAURA CAN ONLY HOLD ON TO PARSONS UNTIL I FIND IT.



SHE MOVED ALL THE ARTICLES ON THE BUREAU. SHE WAS REPLACING A MILITARY BRUSH WHEN —

THIS BRUSH! — SOMETHING RATTLED IN IT.



SHE REMOVED THE BACK OF THE BRUSH AND THERE CONCEALED INSIDE WAS THE GLITTERING OMAR DIAMOND.



MEANWHILE UP IN THE BALLROOM.

YES, THE DIAMOND MINES OF AFRICA ARE A MOST INTERESTING PLACE. I HAVE SEVERAL SNAPSHOTS TAKEN WHILE I WAS THERE. I'LL GET THEM AND SHOW THEM TO YOU.

OH, DON'T BOTHER PLEASE! IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE.



NO TROUBLE AT ALL. YOU'LL GET QUITE A KICK OUT OF THEM.

PLEASE! BUT — MR. PARSONS.



PAT WAS ADMIRING THE DIAMOND WHEN SHE HEARD HIM INSERT HIS KEY IN THE DOOR.

OH!



SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO REPLACE IT IN THE BRUSH. SHE TURNED HER BACK ON THE DOOR AND BUSIED HERSELF WITH SOME TOWELS ON TOP OF THE TRUNK, BUT SHE KNEW THE CHANCES OF NOT BEING DETECTED WERE HOPELESS.



HIS EYES TRAVELED IMMEDIATELY TO THE BUREAU. HE SAW THE BRUSH LYING THERE, THE TOP OFF AND THE DIAMOND GONE.



SEEING THE MAID WITH HER BACK TO HIM, HE CROSSED THE ROOM AND GRASPED HER BY THE ARM AND WHIRLED HER AROUND.



YOU! — PATRICIA! — NOW I SEE IT ALL — HAND OVER THAT DIAMOND!



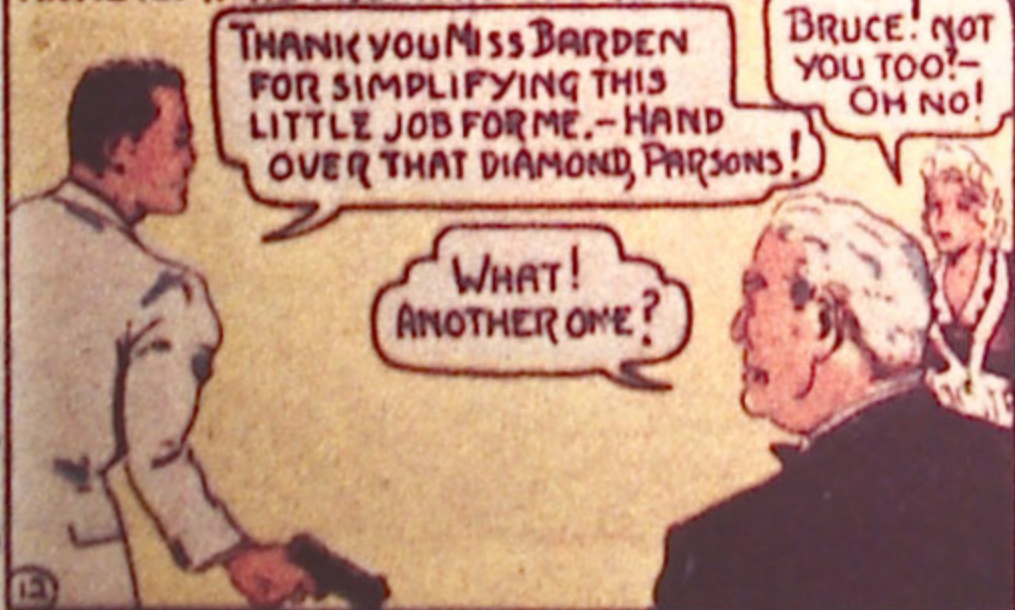
WHEN PAT REFUSED, HE TWISTED HER ARM BEHIND HER UNTIL SHE CRIED OUT IN PAIN. THE DIAMOND FELL FROM HER NUMB FINGERS INTO HIS HAND.



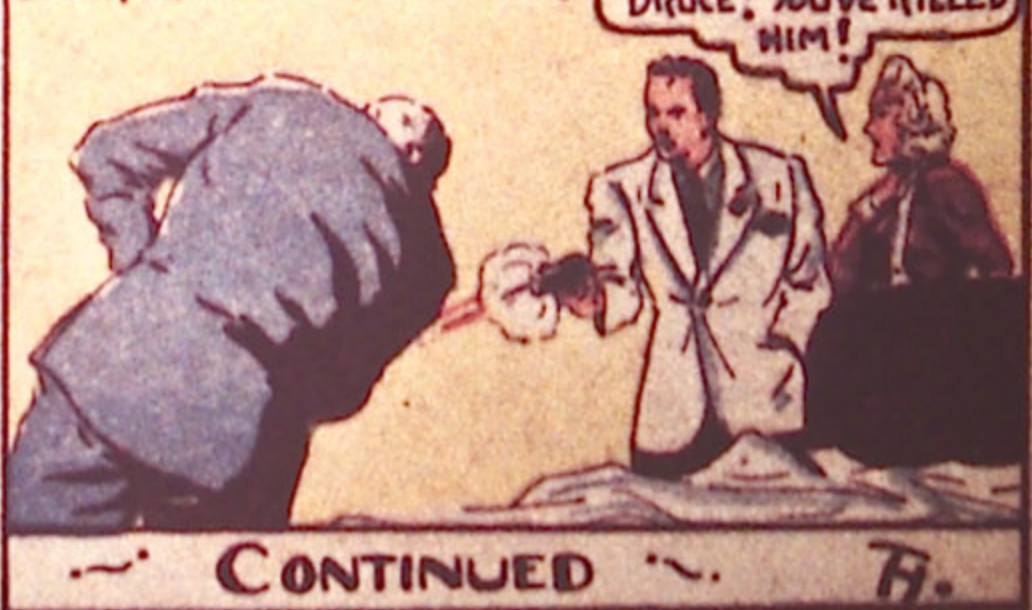
AT THIS MOMENT NELSON WAS PASSING OUTSIDE. HE HEARD THE OUTCRY AND RECOGNIZED PAT'S VOICE. HE SHOVED OPEN THE DOOR AND STEPPED IN.



HE REALIZED THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE. HE PULLED AN AUTOMATIC FROM HIS POCKET.



PARSONS REFUSED, NELSON FIRED. THE DIAMOND BUYER CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR.



CONTINUED

B.

OIL FROM CHINA

By
Paul Dean

STARTLED, the group of men gathered around the table and gazed with mixed feelings of nausea and horror at the object resting on the piece of brown wrapping paper.

"A nasty bit of business!" one of them remarked.

Captain Kent, thin and wiry, rubbed his square jaw and made a wry face. It was more than a nasty bit of business, he thought; it was inhuman, savage and animal-like. But ten years of brilliant and active service in the Harbor Patrol had taught him to expect such occurrences as this.

"So the smuggling racket has popped open again," he exclaimed to Patrolman Higgins standing at his side. "When did you discover this gruesome evidence?"

The evidence he spoke of was a human arm!

It had evidently been torn or wrenched from the rest of the body at the elbow. The fist was tightly clenched and though the flesh was discolored, it was apparent that the unfortunate victim must have been either a Malay or an Oriental. He was probably a Chinese.

Higgins cleared his throat. "We found it last night, Captain. We were skirting the piers on the Brooklyn side just south of the Erie Basin when Fred happened to be leaning over the rail and spotted the thing floating by."

"How was the tide running at that time?" Kent asked.

"Coming in. It had been running like that for three hours."

The Captain lit his briar thoughtfully. "Which means that the arm floated up from the direction of lower New York harbor or even from the ocean beyond

Sandy Hook, though I doubt it would come that far undisturbed."

"Then you think the boat the poor chap came from is somewhere down in the lower harbor?" questioned the freckle-faced Higgins.

"It's quite possible," replied Kent. "But the thing that puzzles me most is why the smugglers should pick New York, of all places, to attempt to land their undesirable passengers. They either have plenty of nerve or they have some skillful method of slipping under our noses. But whatever it is we'll soon find out."

LATE that night the Harbor Police tug slipped down past the Statue of Liberty, through the Narrows and out into the lower harbor.

The air was cold and sharp and



Captain Kent paced the deck, the wind whipping smoke and ash from the pipe he gripped in his teeth. His blue eyes peered into the blackness ahead, trying to discern the shadowy bulk of a vessel he knew must be anchored out there.

Five minutes later he saw it. He raised his arm and Higgins rang to the engineer below for a dead stop and the throbbing motors became quiet.

"That must be the one," Kent said, pointing through the gloom at the black outline of a freighter some two hundred yards to their starboard.

Kent ordered one of the small boats to be lowered and he and Higgins and two of the other men clambered in and started pulling towards the vessel.

They took care to dip their oars silently into the water and the little craft glided swiftly through the rolling swells.

Five minutes later they were alongside the freighter. Kent had the men circle the boat in hopes of finding a ladder or a hanging rope, but there was nothing.

"Looks like I'll have to take a chance climbing the anchor chain," whispered Kent. They worked their way noiselessly to the prow to where the glistening chain sank into the watery depths.

Kent motioned to one of the men to hold the dory fast and with unbelievable swiftness he leaped from the small boat and grasping the heavy chain, pulled himself upward.

He reached the top of the slippery metal and paused to listen. Save for the soft lapping of the water below, all was quiet. Five feet above his head was the railing and ten seconds later he stood on the deck of the freighter, alert and ready for whatever might develop.

Silhouetted directly ahead was the super-structure and the bridge. A yellow light gleamed dully through one of the lower port-holes and Kent became aware of the presence of a man on the bridge. The figure paced back and forth in an almost exacting military fashion.

"A lookout," muttered Kent, easing himself behind one of the

tarpaulin covered hatches.

It was then that he noticed the numerous large cylinders lined along the rail on the far side of the deck. He crept over and touched one of them with his hand. He felt cold metal and the pleasing odor of crude oil drifted to his nostrils.

"Oil, eh?" he sniffed. "Since when have these birds taken to a legitimate business? Or maybe we've picked the wrong boat!"

He softly opened the top of one of the large cans and put his hand in and took it out dripping. "It's oil all right."

Kent then struck the side of the metal cylinder with his knuckles and the sound that emitted was deep and hollow and not the kind one would expect to hear from a well-filled can!

"Well, luck must be on my side tonight," he congratulated himself. "So this is how they've been working it!"

He drew his pistol from the holster and slipped quietly along the deck to the steps leading to the bridge. Ascending, he pressed close to the canvas-covered side and waited for the approaching lookout.

The man walked by and instantly Kent was by his side, his revolver digging into the seaman's ribs. "Keep your mouth shut, fellow!" cautioned the Police Captain.

Five minutes later Kent found a rope ladder and dropped it over the side to the anxiously awaiting Higgins and his companions. The lookout was propped against the railing, securely bound and gagged.

In a very short space of time they had the officers and the crew of the freighter lined in front of the forward hatch, in the light that was flashed on, their scowling faces registered surprise and anger.

"But Captain," asked Higgins, scratching his head, "where are the boys they're supposed to be smuggling in?"

"They used a very unique method," laughed Kent, walking over to the oil cylinders.

He took the liquid-filled false tops off the cans and there, in the bottom of each of the cylinders, squatted a cringing and pitiful looking Chinese!

"Thirty cans of Chinese oil," said Kent.

THE END



Boys, Get Ready NOW to
MAKE MONEY
and **EARN PRIZES**
All Summer Long!

BOYS, 12 to 16: Plan now to make your summer vacation the biggest ever! Make MONEY, open a bank account, and earn any of 300 big prizes, including this flashy deluxe Silver King bike. Made of durable aluminum alloy, fully streamlined, and completely equipped with blast hornlike, coaster brake, chain guard, luggage carrier. Built low for speed and safety. Silent, easy-riding.



Start now to earn this and other prizes, so you'll be going at full speed at vacation time. Just deliver our magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. It's easy. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Rush coupon.



Mail This Coupon Now

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 799
The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim, Start me at once. I want to make MONEY and earn PRIZES this summer.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE BLACK CASE

BY ALGER

- IN LONELY OAKHURST LIVED CALEB BLACK AND HIS ERRANT NEPHEW, TOM BLACK -

YOU'RE A FOOL TO GO OUT ON A NITE LIKE THIS!

I MUST CALL ON TH' BOYS!

WHY GO OUT ON A NITE LIKE THIS, TOM?

- IN THE WEALTHY CALEB BLACK'S HOUSE LIVED, ALSO, TWO SERVANTS - MARIE AND BENSON -

- AGAINST THE ADVICE OF CALEB, MARIE AND BENSON, TOM SET OUT ONE STORMY NITE, SAYING HE'D CALL ON SOME PALS -

TOM'S A ROTTER - YET HE'S MY BROTHER'S BOY, AFTER ALL!

- NO LOVE WAS LOST BETWEEN CALEB AND TOM - BUT CALEB HAD MADE TOM HIS HEIR -

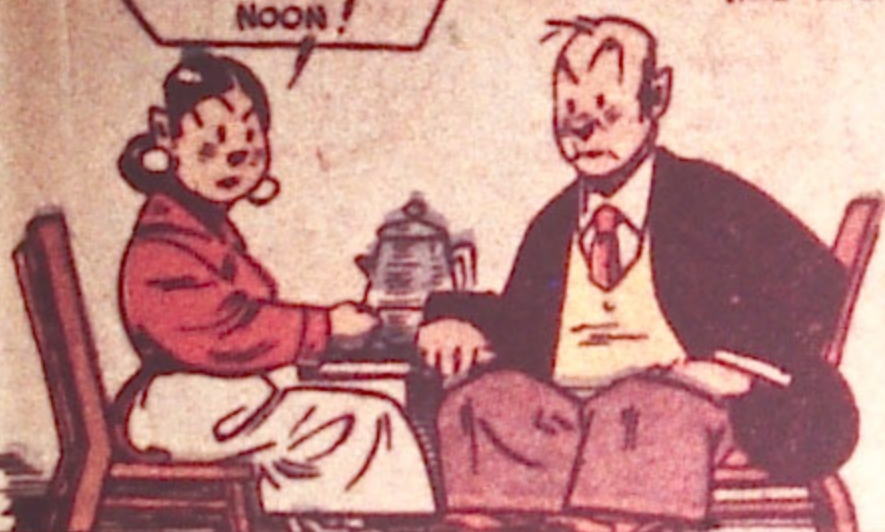
WHAT A NITE! WHY WOULD THAT BOY GO OUT IN SUCH A STORM!

IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! FETCH MY TEA, MARIE, AND I'LL BE OFF T' MY ROOM!

AT NINE CALEB TOOK HIS TEA AND RETIRED TO HIS ROOM UPSTAIRS

WHAT A RAIN!
IT HAS KEPT UP
STEADILY SINCE
NOON!

— AS USUAL, MARIE
AND BENSON
SAT TALKING—
'TILL ELEVEN—



YOU'RE SOAKED!
CHANGE CLOTHES
QUICK 'N'
I'LL MAKE
YOU SOME
COFFEE.



— THEN
TOM
CAME
IN—

YOU'RE SOAKED
TO THE SKIN!
NOW, CHANGE
RIGHT AWAY!



MARIE SENT TOM
UPSTAIRS FOR
DRY CLOTHING—

GNITE!



— AT 10:30 CALES HAD
SPOKEN TO MARIE AND
BENSON FROM THE
STAIRHEAD—

MARIE!



— AT 11:05 BENSON,
LOOKING IN ON
CALES, FOUND
HIM MURDERED
!!!



— THE POLICE
WRESTLED IN
VAIN WITH THE
MYSTERY—



— TOM SAID HE CROSSED DOYLE'S
MEADOW AT EIGHT, SPENT THE
EVENING WITH THE MEADE
BOYS, AND THEN CAME
HOME, ARRIVING
AT ELEVEN—



- FOOTPRINTS WERE FOUND
SUPPORTING TOM'S STORY -



TOM CALLED ON US AT
8:30 'N' LEFT AT 10:30



- THE MEADE
BOYS SUPPORTED
TOM'S STORY -

THE WHOLE
THING'S AS
CLEAR AS
MUD!



- THE AUTHORITIES
WERE STUMPED
AND SO THEY
CALLED FOR
THE SERVICES
OF HOT-TRAIL HOGAN -

TOM ARRIVED AT
ELEVEN - WET
TO THE SKIN!



- HOGAN
TALKED
TO MARIE -



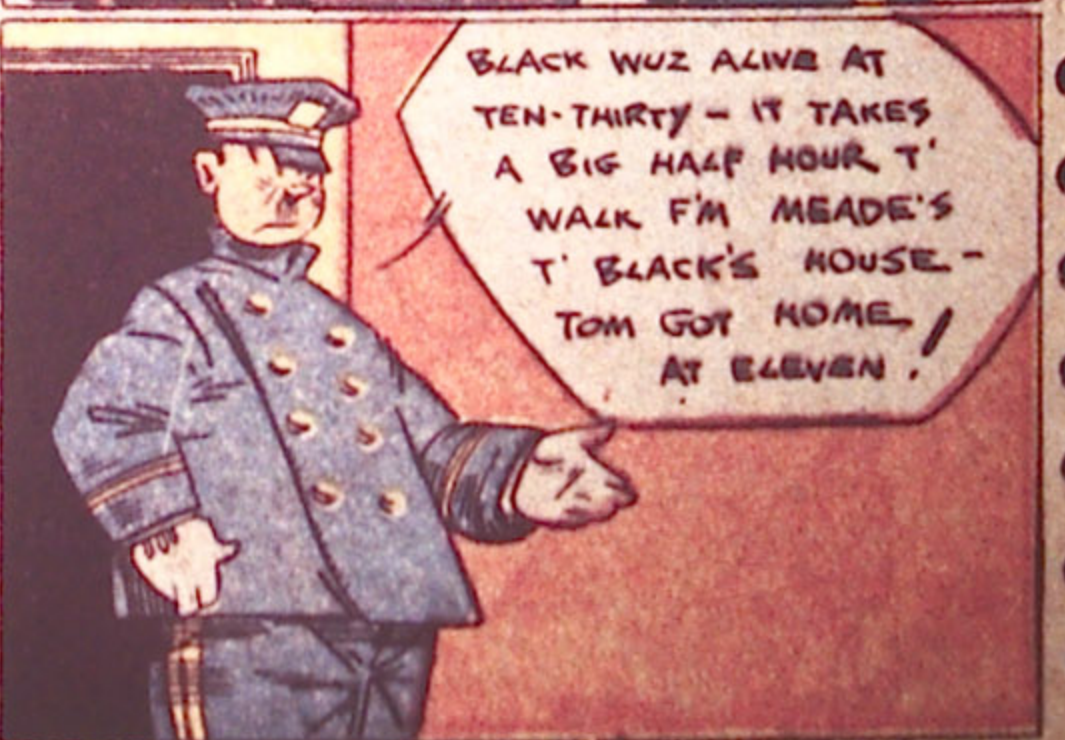
- AND HE EXAMINED
THE TRACKS IN
THE MEADOW -


I FOUND THE
TRACKS VERY
INTERESTING!




TH' TRACKS ARE THERE -
GOIN' 'N' COMIN' - ALL
TH WAY BETWEEN
BLACK'S 'N' MEADE'S
'N' THEY TALLY
ABSOLUTELY WITH
TOM'S SHOES!

BLACK WUZ ALIVE AT
TEN-THIRTY - IT TAKES
A BIG HALF HOUR T'
WALK F'M MEADE'S
T' BLACK'S HOUSE -
TOM GOT HOME
AT ELEVEN!







THAT'S YOUR VERSION!
HERE'S THE FACTS —
TOM AND THE MEADES
WERE IN THE POWER
OF BLACKMAILERS WHO
HAD BEEN MAKING
DISTURBING THREATS..!!




MONEY WAS NEEDED —
THERE SEEMED JUST
ONE WAY TO GET IT !!
AND NOW HERE'S
SOMETHING 'BOUT
THOSE FOOT TRACKS —



THE TRACKS GOING
TO MEADE'S FALL
ON TOP OF THOSE
COMING FROM THERE!




FRANK MEADE,
WEARING TOM BLACK'S
SHOES, CROSSED THE
MEADOW TO BLACK'S
HOUSE AND RETURNED
HOME. HE DIDN'T
MEAN TO MIX HIS
FOOTPRINTS — BUT HE
DID !!



MEANWHILE TOM LEFT HIS
UNCLE'S HOUSE, CLIMBED
BACK INTO HIS ROOM, KILLED
CAKES AT TEN-FORTY, PUT ON
OVERCOAT, HAT ETC, STOOD IN
HIS SHOWER BATH UNTIL
DRENCHED, CLIMBED OUT
AND REAPPEARED TO MARIE
AND BENSON, AS THOUGH
HE'D COME FROM MEADE'S!



YOU
WIN.
HOGAN!



YOU SHOULD 'A COME
TO ME FIRST, TOM !!
I COULD 'A GIVEN YOU
A BETTER FAKE ALIBI
THAN THAT ONE..!!

SPY

SIEGEL
and
SHUSTER

AFTER A NUMBER OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FRANCE, SALLY AND BART RECEIVE A LONG-EXPECTED CABLE, URGING THEM TO RETURN TO THE U.S.A. AT ONCE.

IMMEDIATELY UPON REACHING WASHINGTON, D.C., THEY REPORT TO THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

HI, CHIEF!
IT'S SWELL
TO SEE YOU
AGAIN!

IT CERTAINLY
IS! --
WHAT'S UP?

I'VE AN ASSIGN-
MENT FOR YOU
FROM THE ARMY
INTELLIGENCE
STAFF

DR. HORNBECK IS GOING TO
DEMONSTRATE HIS LATEST
STARTLING INVENTION, NATURE
UNKNOWN, THIS
AFTERNOON. --
YOU ARE TO
GUARD HIM
FROM HARM

BUT WHEN SALLY AND BART REACH THE
DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE, THEY FIND IT SEETH-
ING WITH EXCITEMENT

HOLD ON, YOU!
-- WHAT'S
HAPPENED
HERE?

-- A MAJOR
CATASTROPHE?

HAVEN'T YOU
HEARD --?

DR. HORNBECK WAS FOUND
MURDERED IN HIS
LABORATORY!

BART CORNERS A SERVANT AND FLASHES
HIS CREDENTIALS...

I'M A SECRET-SERVICE
MAN... DESCRIBE
DR. HORNBECK'S LAST
CALLER

HE WAS TALL, UMPED,
AND HAD A SCAR ACROSS
HIS RIGHT CHEEK.

STEP ON IT, SALLY!
WE'VE GOT PLACES
TO GO!

SAY! -- WHAT'S
THE RUSH?

BUT WHERE ARE WE HURRYING SO FAST?

THAT DESCRIPTION IS UNDOUBTEDLY OF BASIL MONTAGUE, A NOTORIOUS INTERNATIONAL SPY, — WE'RE HEADED FOR HIS USUAL HIDE-OUT



ALL THRU THE BITTERLY COLD NIGHT THEY DASH AT TOP SPEED, WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S RESPIRE

BR-R! I'M FREEZING! — IF THIS IS A FALSE ALARM, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!

WHY NOT START RIGHT NOW!



WHEN MORNING ARRIVES — —



HERE'S OUR DESTINATION! — HE'S BEEN KNOWN TO HIDE-OUT IN THAT ANCIENT CASTLE!

WHAT A QUAIN PLACE!

WITHIN THE CASTLE — —

CONGRATULATIONS ON SUCCESSFULLY STEALING DR. HORNBECK'S INVENTION, MONTAGUE!

BUT BEFORE WE START BIDDING WE'D LIKE TO KNOW IF IT REALLY DOES ALL YOU CLAIM!

COME! — I SHALL DEMONSTRATE IT TO YOUR COMPLETE SATISFACTION!

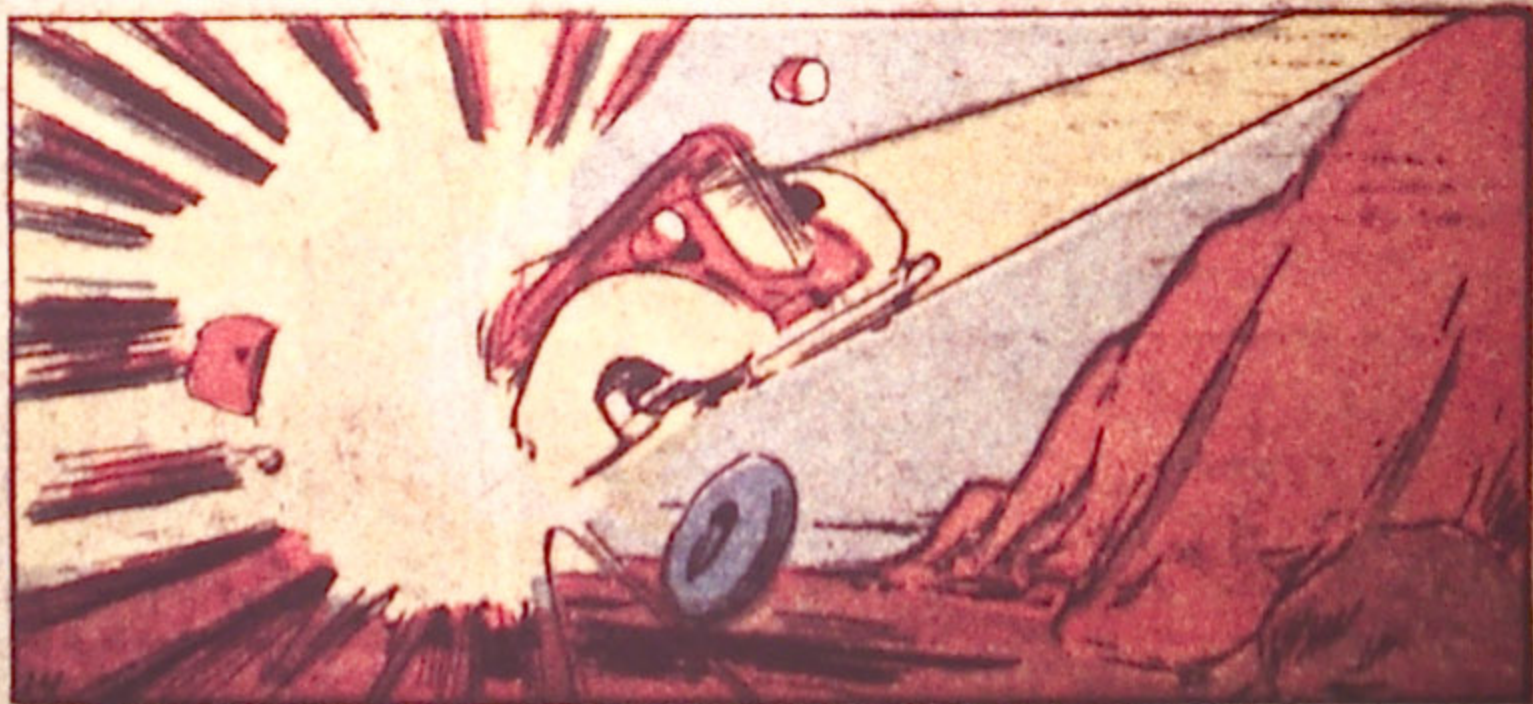


YOU SEE THAT AUTO FAR BELOW? — WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I FOCUS THE RAY UPON IT!



BART'S CAR BECOMES ENVELOPED IN A GOLDEN RAY

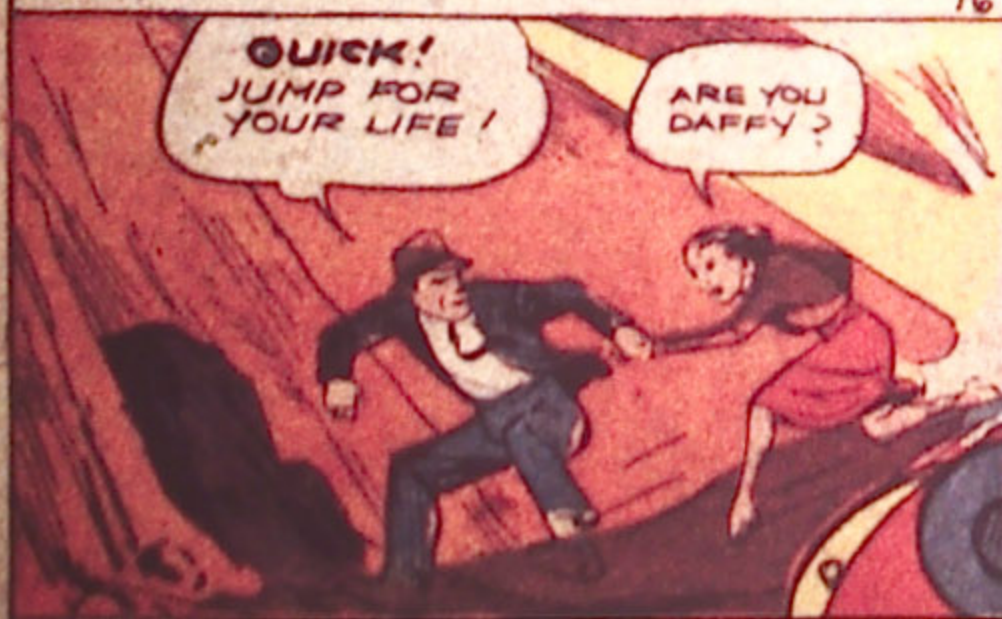
A FEW INSTANTS LATER, IT EXPLODES TO BITS!



CAN YOU NOW DOUBT THE
TERRIBLE EFFICACY OF THE RAY?
— SEVERAL MOMENTS AFTER
IT STRIKES A GASOLINE MOTOR,
THE METAL BURSTS FROM
THE TERRIFIC MOLECULAR
FRICTION!



THE MOMENT THE GOLDEN RAY STRUCK HIS
AUTO, BART HAD LEAPT INTO ACTION . . . 16



GOLLY! ANOTHER
MOMENT AND WE'D
HAVE BEEN ONLY
MEMORIES!



WHY COULDN'T HE
HAVE HIDDEN-OUT
IN A VALLEY
INSTEAD OF AT
THE TOP OF A
CLIFF?

QUIT COM-
PLAININ'!



TWO SECONDS LATER



THAT RAY FROM THE
CASTLE PROVES MON-
TAGUE'S THERE!
HERE'S WHERE WE
SURPRISE HIM!

I'LL BE EVEN
MORE SURPRISED
IF WE EVER
MANAGE TO REACH
THE TOP!



AT LENGTH OUR INTREPID FRIENDS REACH THE
CASTLE, FINDING THE GATE INVITINGLY OPEN,
THEY TIP-TOE IN.

NOW I KNOW HOW THE
MOUSE FELT WHEN HE
WALKED INTO THE
LION'S DEN.

SH-HH!



GENTLEMEN,
I AWAIT YOUR
BIDS!



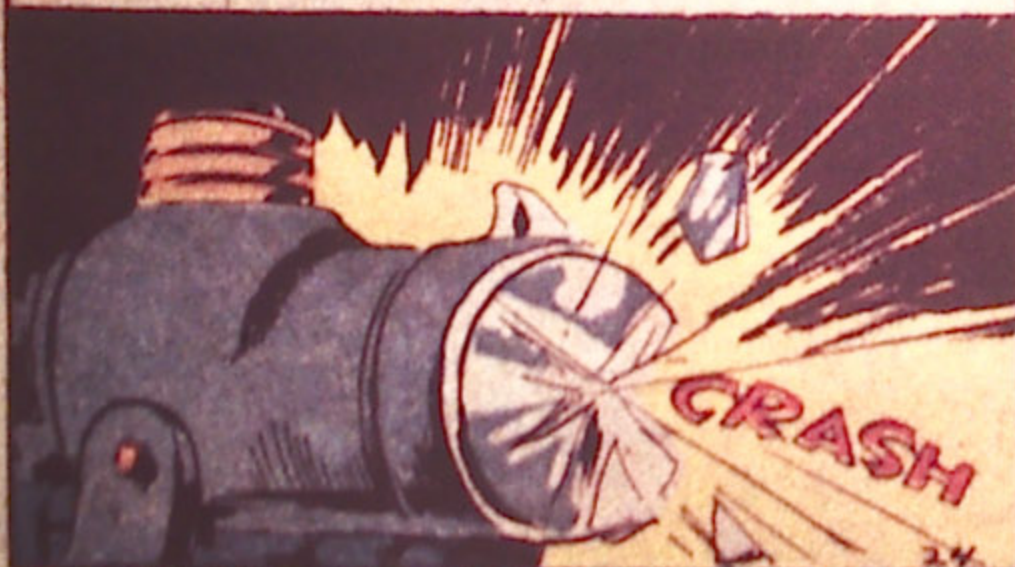
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, SALLY AND BART
LOCATE MONTAGUE

WHAT CHANCE WOULD
WE HAVE AGAINST
THEM? — WE'RE
OUTNUMBERED!

IN THAT CASE,
THE SITUATION
CALLS FOR
STRATEGY!

23

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT! —
THE RAY-GUN — THE BULLET'S TARGET —
CRASHES IN DISCORD!



MONTAGUE WHIRLS ON ONE OF THE
BIDDERS . . .

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOUR GAME IS,
BUT YOU WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT!

I DIDN'T —
YA-A-A!



GOSH! THEY'RE
SLAUGHTERING THEM-
SELVES! — AND YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO FIRED
THAT SHOT!

I KNEW IT
WOULDN'T TAKE
MUCH TO FLING
THOSE WOLVES AT
EACH OTHERS
THROATS!



WHEN MONTAGUE ALONE REMAINS, BART
CONFRONTS HIM . . .

PUT DOWN
THAT GUN!

YOU —!
I'LL KILL YOU
WITH MY BARE
HANDS!



BART NEATLY SIDE-STEPS, AND MONTAGUE
PLUNGES THRU AN OPEN WINDOW . . .



WELL, I GUESS
THAT FINISHES
THE CASE —

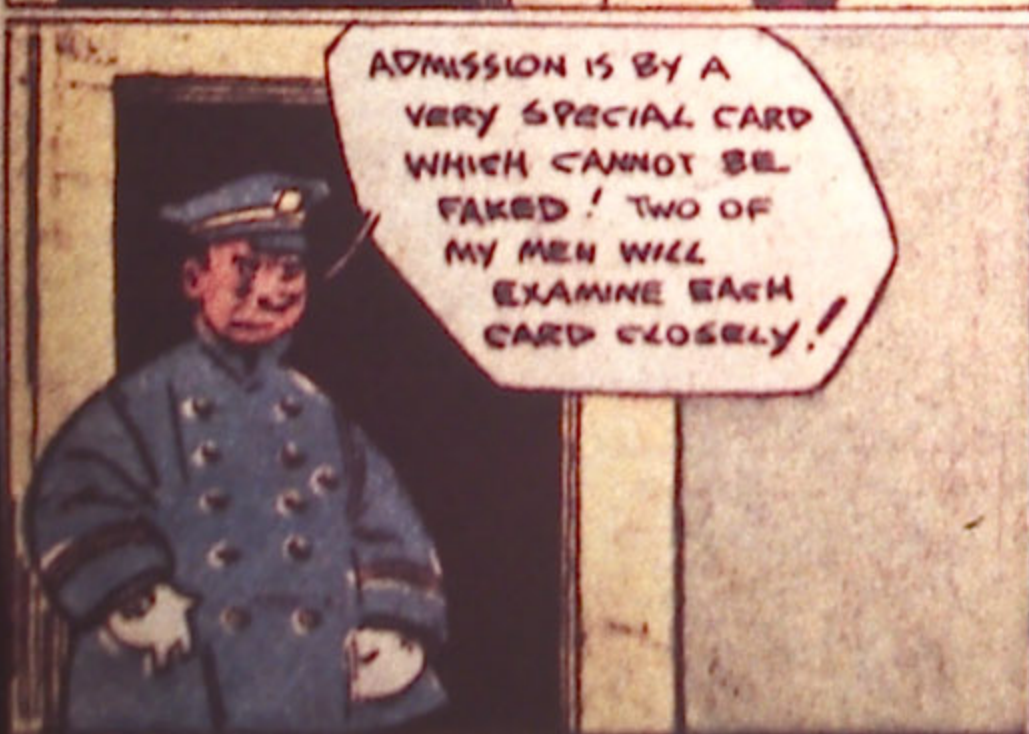
— AND
HIM!

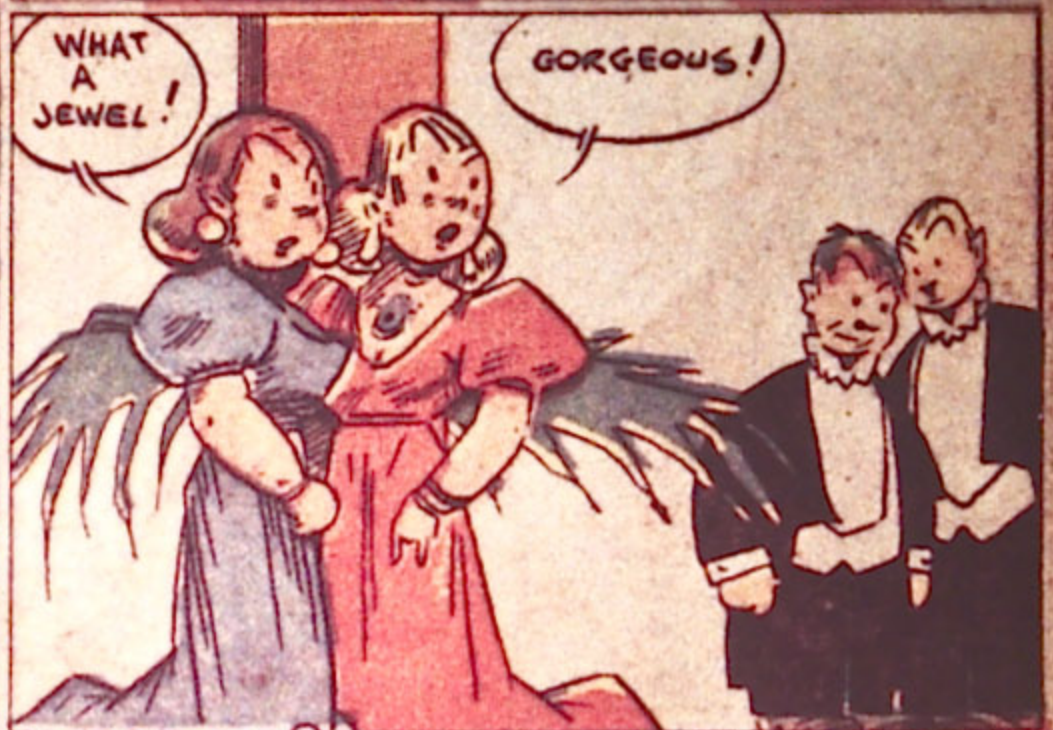


THE END

HOT TRAIL HOGAN

BY ALGER





WHERE'S MR.
DE RUYSTER?

IN TH' BLUE
ROOM, I THINK!



IT'S HAPPENED!
THE RUBY'S BIN
STOLEN!



IT WAS TORN FROM MY
NECK DURING THE
MOONLIGHT
WALTZ!
I COULDN'T
SEE WHO DID
IT!

YOU WERE WISE TO KEEP
QUIET! NOW BE COOL
AND LEAVE
THIS TO ME!

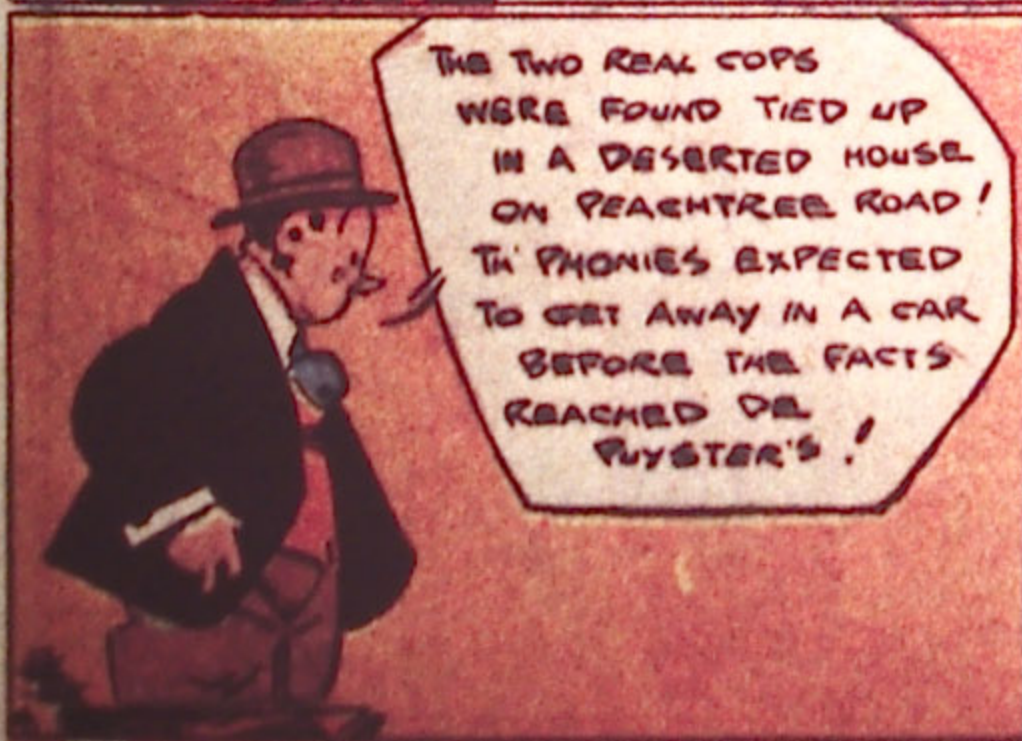
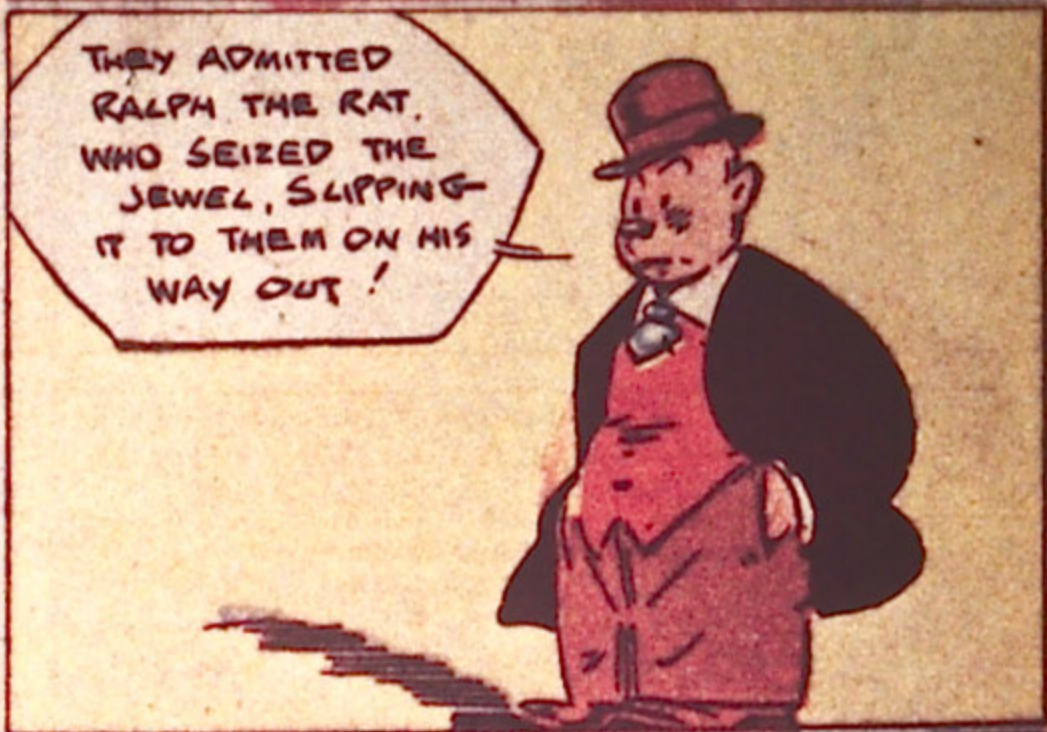
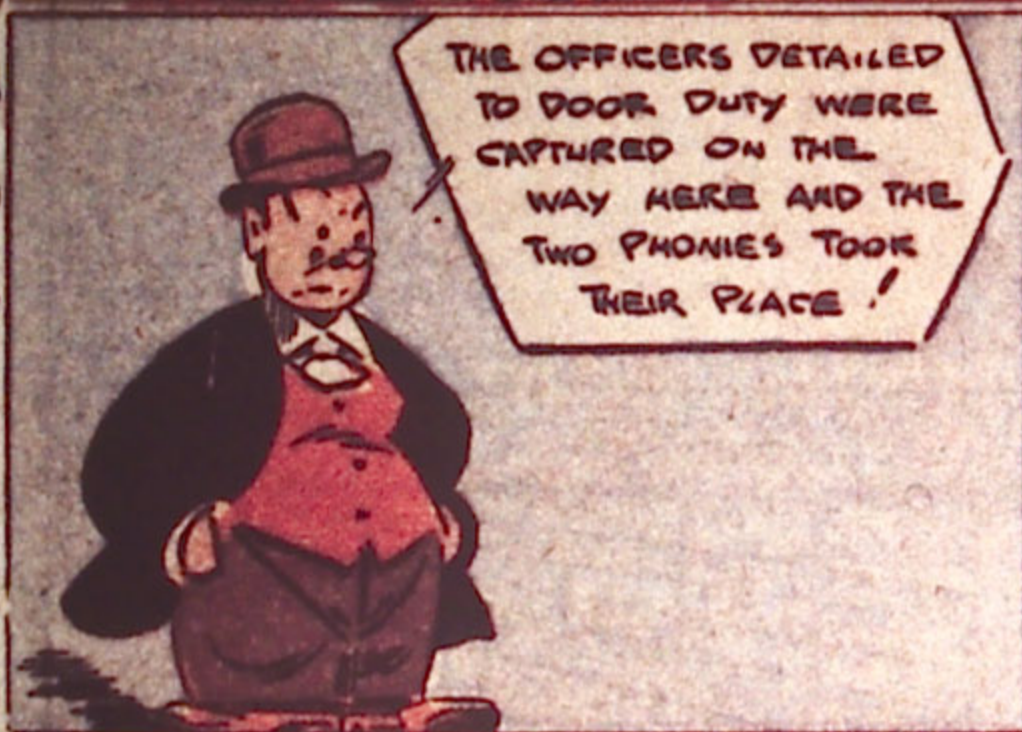
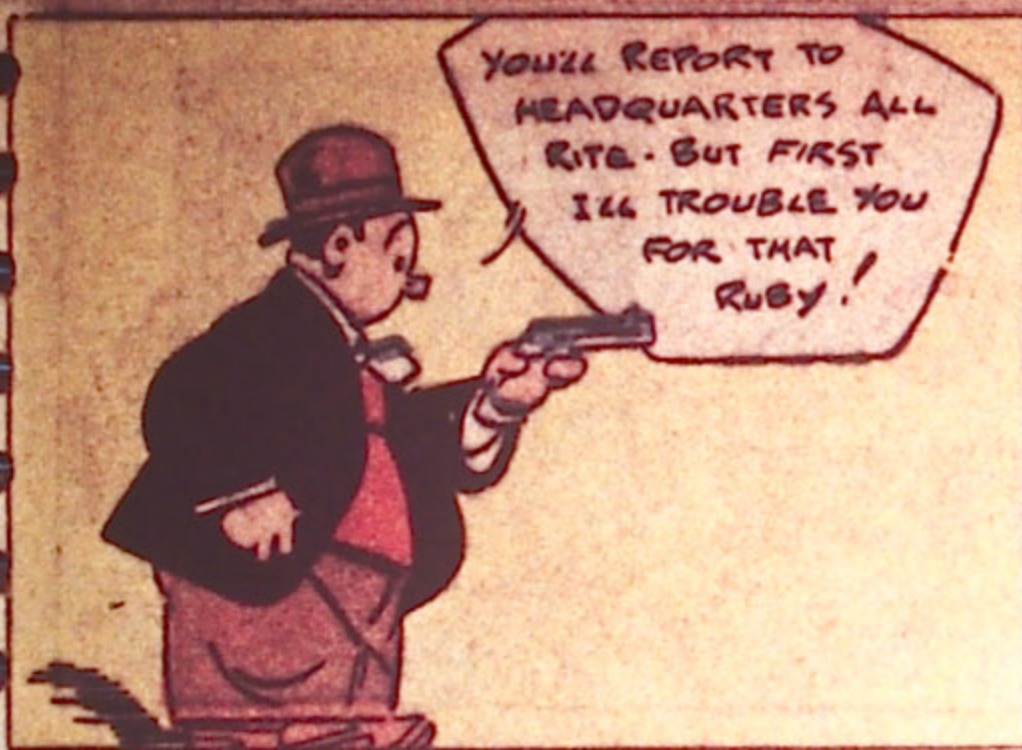
DEAR
DEAR
DEAR!



EVERY CARD HAD
TH' WATERMARK -
AND EVERYONE
GAVE US TH'
SECRET
PASSWORD!

THE THIEF CAN'T
ESCAPE! WE'LL
HAVE THE OUTSIDE
MEN CLOSE IN
ON TH' HOUSE 'N'
WE'LL REPORT
TO HEADQUARTERS!



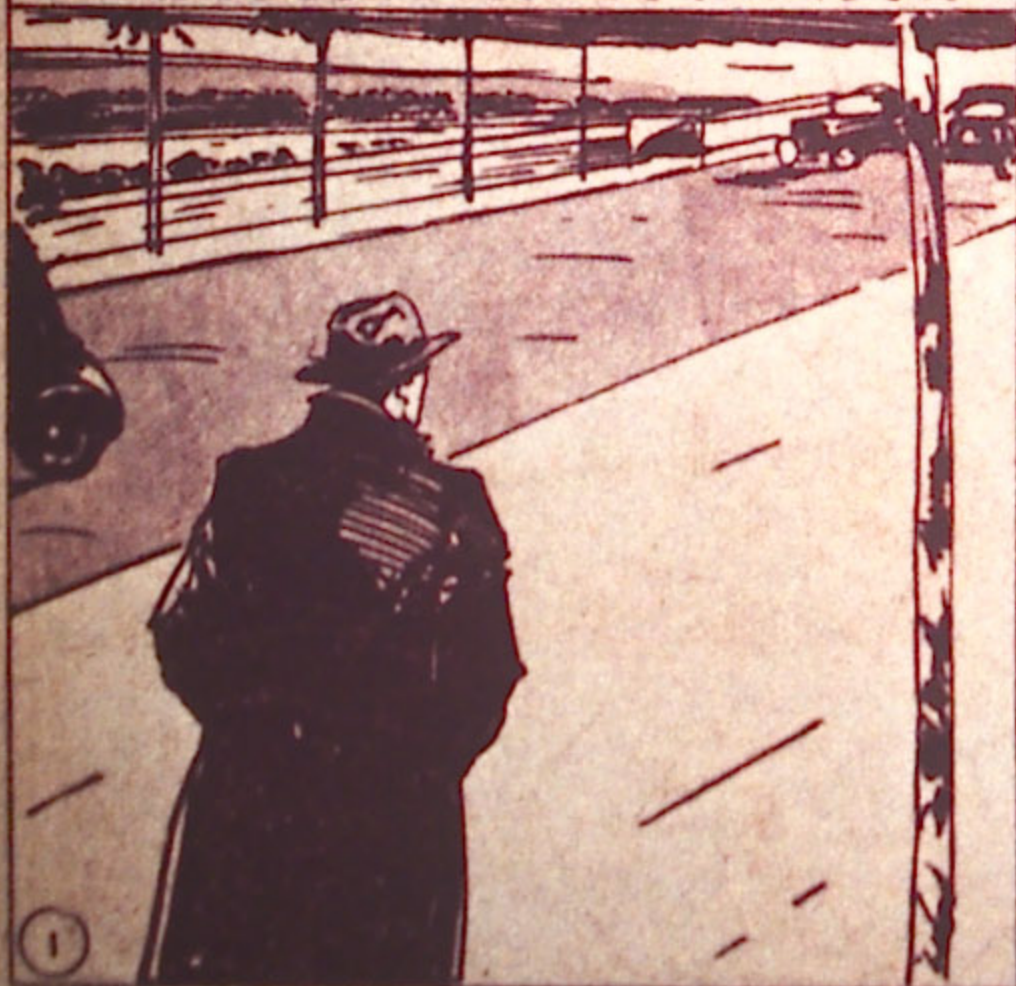


COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

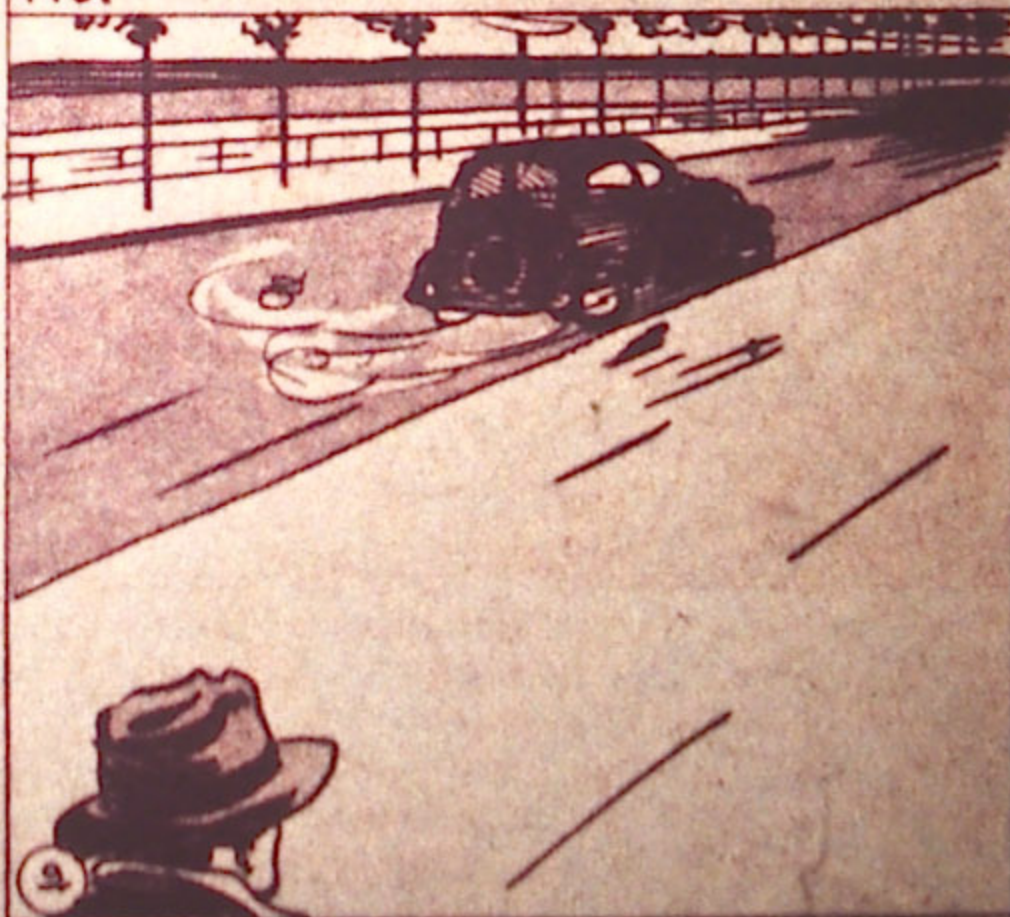
ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



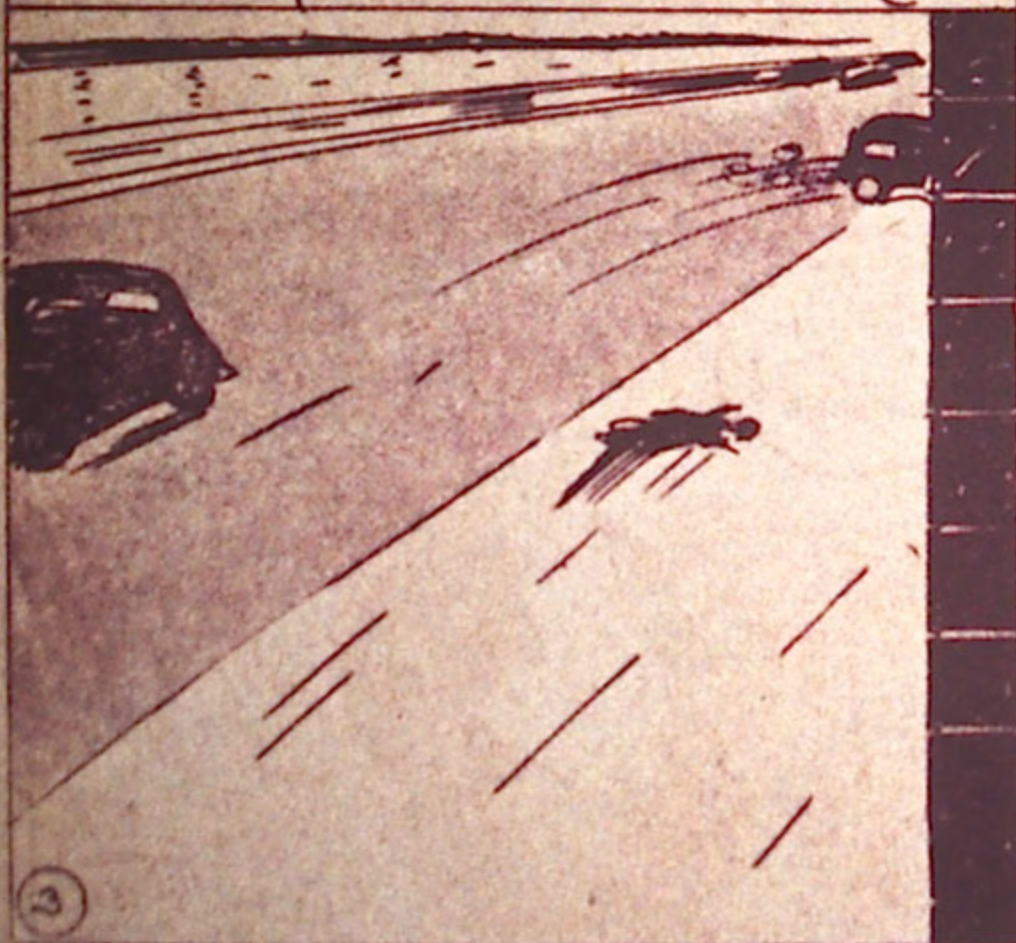
IT IS DUSK. COSMO IS WALKING ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE IN UPPER NEW YORK.



SUDDENLY A BLACK SEDAN WHIZZES BY AND WITH SCREECHING BRAKES PULLS UP TO THE CURB FIFTY YARDS AHEAD OF COSMO.



A DARK OBJECT IS TOSSED OUT ON THE SIDEWALK AND THE CAR LEAPS ON, DISAPPEARING AROUND THE CORNER.



COSMO RACES TOWARD THE OBJECT LYING ON THE PAVEMENT.



HE DISCOVERS IT TO BE A MAN, BOUND
HAND AND FOOT---AND BRUTALLY MUR-
DERED.



THE BODY CARRIES NO IDENTIFICATION
PAPERS AND HIS FEATURES ARE BEATEN
TO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE PULP.



WELL, THEY SURE
MADE A THOROUGH JOB
OF THIS FELLOW

COSMO HAILS A NEARBY POLICEMAN,
AS THE ONCE QUIET WALK IS FILLING
WITH CURIOUS AND MORBID SPECTATORS.

OFFICER, REMAIN
HERE WITH THIS
VICTIM UNTIL I
GET HEADQUAR-
TERS. MY NAME
IS COSMO, PRIVATE
DETECTIVE.

SURE, AND I'M JIM
CASEY, OF 31st PRE-
CINCT. I'VE OFTEN
HEARD OF COSMO,
AND GLAD I AM OF
MEETING YOU, SIR



HEY, GET BACK THERE YOU!
BREAK IT UP-- GIT A GOING!

COSMO HAILS A PASSING TAXI.

TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS--
AND STEP ON IT.

O.K. HANG ON.



HE REPORTS THE FIND TO CAPTAIN FLYNN

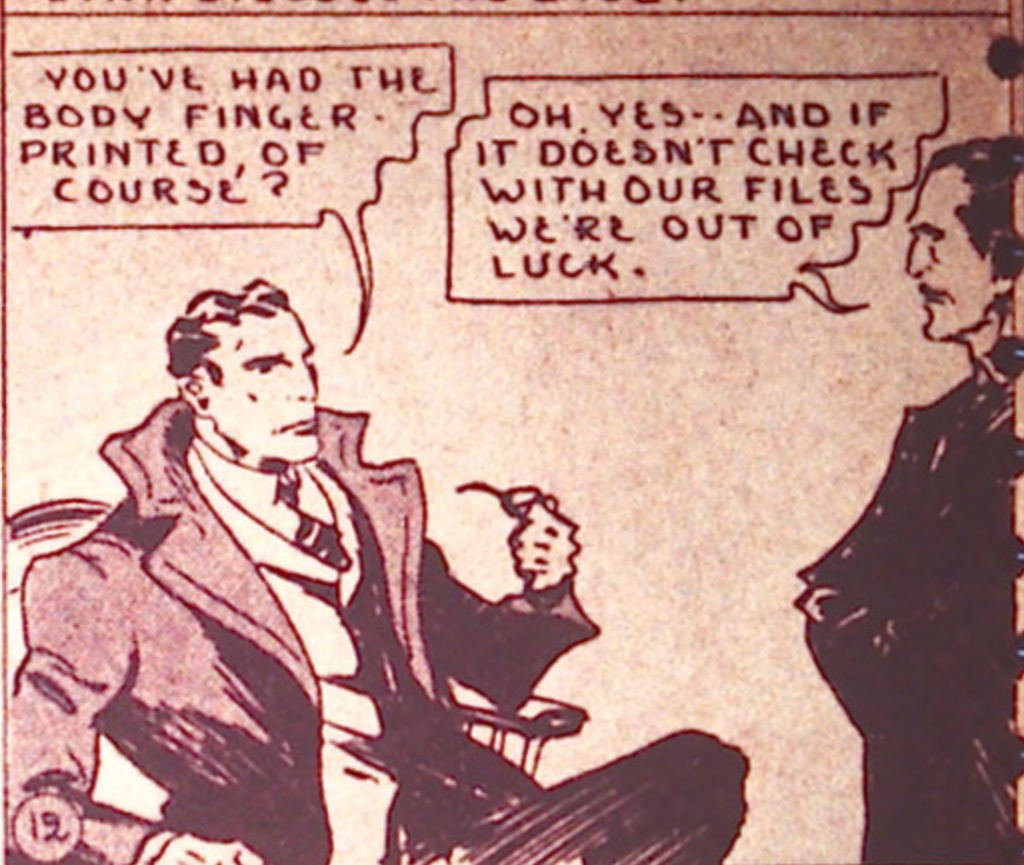


ALL RIGHT, COSMO,
LET'S SHOOT OVER
THERE AND SEE WHAT'S
UP.

YIELDING NO CLUE THE BODY IS REMOVED TO THE MORGUE.



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS COSMO AND FLYNN DISCUSS THE CASE.



YOU'VE HAD THE BODY FINGER-PRINTED, OF COURSE?

OH, YES--AND IF IT DOESN'T CHECK WITH OUR FILES WE'RE OUT OF LUCK.

IN THE FILE-ROOM THE FINGER-PRINT RECORDS ARE CAREFULLY STUDIED.



AH, I BELIEVE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE AL



CAPTAIN FLYNN, THIS TALLIES WITH THE FINGER-PRINTS OF LOU CAPRI, ALIAS "LITTLE BUTCH" AN EAST SIDE RACKETEER WITH A LONG POLICE RECORD

OH, YES, HE'S AN OLD CUSTOMER HERE



YES HE'S BEEN MIXED UP IN THE POULTRY RACKET AND A LOT OF OTHER UNION DISTURBANCES. I BELIEVE WE'VE GOT A THREAD TO WORK ON NOW



WELL, THAT'S ONE SKUNK LESS IN THE WORLD. HOWEVER, WE MUST TRACK DOWN THE KILLERS

FLYNN I WANT TO SEE THIS THROUGH. I'D LIKE TO GO DOWN TO THE POULTRY MARKET AND PRETEND TO BE A BUYER. I MIGHT FIND OUT SOMETHING THERE ABOUT THIS AFFAIR

ALL RIGHT, JUMP TO IT

NEXT DAY COSMO APPEARS AT THE MARKET COMPLETELY DISGUISED AS A POULTRY BUYER.

HE CASUALLY MINGLES AND TALKS WITH THE OTHER MEN, CAREFULLY NOTING EVERY THING THAT HE SEES AND HEARS.



AS HE ASKS THE PRICES OF VARIOUS POULTRY HE IS APPROACHED BY TWO BURLY-LOOKING MEN.

HEY! MISTER, STEP INTO THIS OFFICE, WE'VE GOT SOME GOOD CHICKENS TO SELL YOU.



NOW, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISTER-- YOU BUY OUR POULTRY-- AND AT OUR PRICE - OR YOU'LL GET YOUR HEAD CRACKED OPEN --- SEE? NOW, YOU DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN TO YOU, DO YOU, MISTER?



COSMO FEIGNS FRIGHT AND AGREES TO THEIR DEMANDS.



OH, NO, NO, NO SURE, I-I-I'LL BUY FROM YOU

WELL - HOW ABOUT IT?

ANY FUNNY WORK ON YOUR PART, MISTER AND WE'LL FILL YOU SO FULL OF LEAD YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A TEA STRAINER.

COSMO THEN PLACES AN ORDER TO A FICTITIOUS PLACE AND UNDER A FALSE NAME.



HERE'S MY PERSONAL CHECK - IS THAT ALL RIGHT NOW?

NOW THAT'S A GOOD LITTLE ORDER, MISTER MACKLEY - I'M

GLAD YOU SEE OUR IDEA

FROM THE MEN ON THE MARKET COSMO LEARNS WHO THE RACKETEERS ARE.

I WOULDN'T CROSS THOSE FELLOWS, SIR, IF I WERE YOU THEY MEAN BUSINESS EVERY TIME AND THEY DON'T STOP AT ANYTHING

THANKS FOR YOUR TIP, MY FRIEND



COSMO IS BACK AT HEADQUARTERS WITH CAPTAIN FLYNN.

WELL, FLYNN, I GUESS I'VE FOUND THE BOYS WE'RE LOOKING FOR. THEY THINK THEY'VE SOLD ME 100 CRATES OF CHICKENS.

HM - I GUESS THEY'LL FIND THEY'VE SOLD MORE THAN THEY'VE BARGAINED FOR, COSMO.



THEY PLAN A RAID OF THE RACKETEERS.

O.K. FLYNN, I'LL BORROW THESE PHOTOS OF LITTLE BUTCH-- WE'LL SEE IF I CAN GET AWAY WITH MY MAKE UP AS HIM.

GOOD-- AND I'LL BE DOWN THERE IN HIDING WITH MY MEN.



COSMO, DISGUISED AS LITTLE BUTCH, THE MURDERED MAN, RETURNS TO THE POULTRY MARKET.



HEY-- JOE, LOOK! THAT LOOKS LIKE LITTLE BUTCH---

WELL -- WH-- WHAT -- ?? IT IS BUTCH



COSMO, AS LITTLE BUTCH, ENTERS THE OFFICE OF THE GANGSTERS.

WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU MUGS -- YOU DON'T SEEM VERY PLEASED TO SEE ME, ANY MORE?

WHY-- W-- WHY, YOU'RE DEAD-- WE KILLED YOU.



TOO BAD, JOE - BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM TO DO ANY GOOD.



G-G-GET AWAY FROM ME--YOU--

SA-A-AY- WHAT IS THIS ANYHOW??



ONE OF THE MUSCLE-MEN REACHES FOR HIS GUN BUT COSMO BEATS HIM TO IT---

THIS TIME, BUTCH, YOU'LL STAY DEAD, OR, BY----

OR WHAT?



WITH A CRASHING CLIP TO THE JAW AND A SECOND TO THE OTHER GANGSTER.

THIS IS YOUR LAST JOB, YOU CHEAP BUMS---



FLYNN AND HIS SQUAD STEP OUT FROM BEHIND A STACK OF CRATES AND HAND-CUFF THE HOODLUMS.

GOOD WORK, COSMO, WE HAD THEM COVERED, SO THEY WOULDN'T HAVE DONE MUCH SHOOTING.

THEY SURE WON'T DO MUCH NOW ANY MORE, FLYNN.



THAT'S "DIRTY JOE" AND HIS LITTLE GENERAL "NICK, THE PLUGGER"-- YOU HEARD THEIR CONFESSION OF KILLING LOU CAPRI, THE LITTLE BUTCH.

OH, YES--WE'VE GOT QUITE A LITTLE RECORD AGAINST THEM, ENOUGH TO GIVE THEM WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR, THE CHAIR.



SLAM

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

BRADLEY

HEY!
WOTTA WE
DO NOW?

--PRAY,
Y'DIZZY DOPE!--
THEN JUMP!

HIGH ABOVE THE ICY DESOLATION THAT IS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE STREAKS A SLENDER AIRPLANE WITH ITS TWO NUMB PASSENGERS. FOR HOURS IT HAS BATTLED THRU SLEET AND BLIZZARD -- BUT ABRUPTLY, THE MOTOR COUGHS OMINOUSLY, STILLS COMPLETELY! . . . DOWN TOWARD THE FROZEN EARTH ZOOMS THE DOOMED PLANE!

I KNEW IT!
I TOL'JA WE
NEVER SHOULDA
TAKEN THIS
BLASTED CASE!



AW, DRY
UP!



LAST WEEK A FORTUNE-
TELLER TOLD ME TO
QUIT DETECTING AND
TAKE UP TAP-DANCING!
— OH, WHY DIDN'T
I LISTEN TO HER?



QUIT CRABBIN'.
AN' LOOK FOR A
SOFT SPOT TO
LAND!



HELP! —
TH' WIND IS
BLOWIN' ME
AWAY!

I'LL SAVE YOU AS SOON
AS I GET OUT OF THIS
BLANKETY-BLANK
HARNES!



WHEN!
THANKS! —
I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
CATCH ME!

WELL, AT LEAST
WE'RE SAFE --
OR AREN'T WE?



SADLY SLAM
AND SHORTY
WATCH THEIR
WRECKED
PLANE
GO UP IN
FLAMES...

GOSH! —
WHAT AN AWE
INSPIRING
SIGHT!

ENJOY IT! —
'CAUSE IT'S COSTING
US \$13,000!



MILES FROM CIVILIZATION!
— MAROONED! — SLAM!
WE GOTTA DO SUMPIN,
OR WE'LL **FREEZE
TO DEATH!**



BEFORE YOU BURST
A LUNG SHOUTING,
TAKE A GOOD LOOK
BEHIND YOU!

HUH?



FAINTLY VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE IS
A SMALL SETTLEMENT



THAT MUST BE
STORMHAVEN, OUR
ORIGINAL DESTINATION!
— **LET'S GET GOING!**

I DON'T
NEED ANY
URGING, PAL!



IF YOU WASN'T SUCH A
SUCKER FER TH' DAMES,
WE WOULDN'T BE
STRANDED UP HERE
IN THIS FORSAKEN
COUNTRY!

YOU SHOULD TALK!
THE INSTANT YOU LAID
EYES ON LUCY TRENT
YOUR VOCABULARY
BECAME LIMITED TO
ONE WORD: YES.



I DON'T KNOW YET,
EXACTLY HOW IT
HAPPENED. ONE
MOMENT WE WERE
LOOKING INTO HER
BEAUTIFUL, TROUBLED
EYES --

-- AND THE NEXT THING
WE KNEW WE FOUND
OURSELVES NEAR THE
NORTH POLE, FLYING IN
SEARCH OF HER BROTHER
WHO'D WRITTEN SAYING
HE'D FOUND A VALUABLE
COAL-MINE, THEN DIS-
APPEARED



WHEN SLAM
AND SHORTY
REACH
THE
SETTLEMENT...

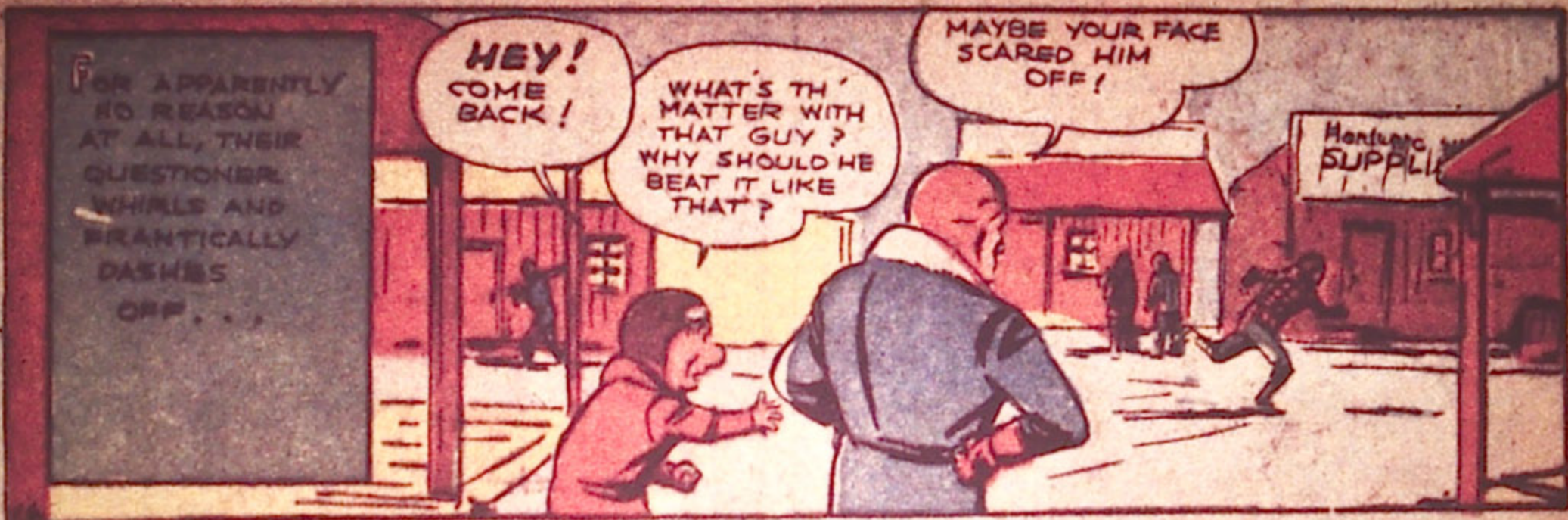
SALOON

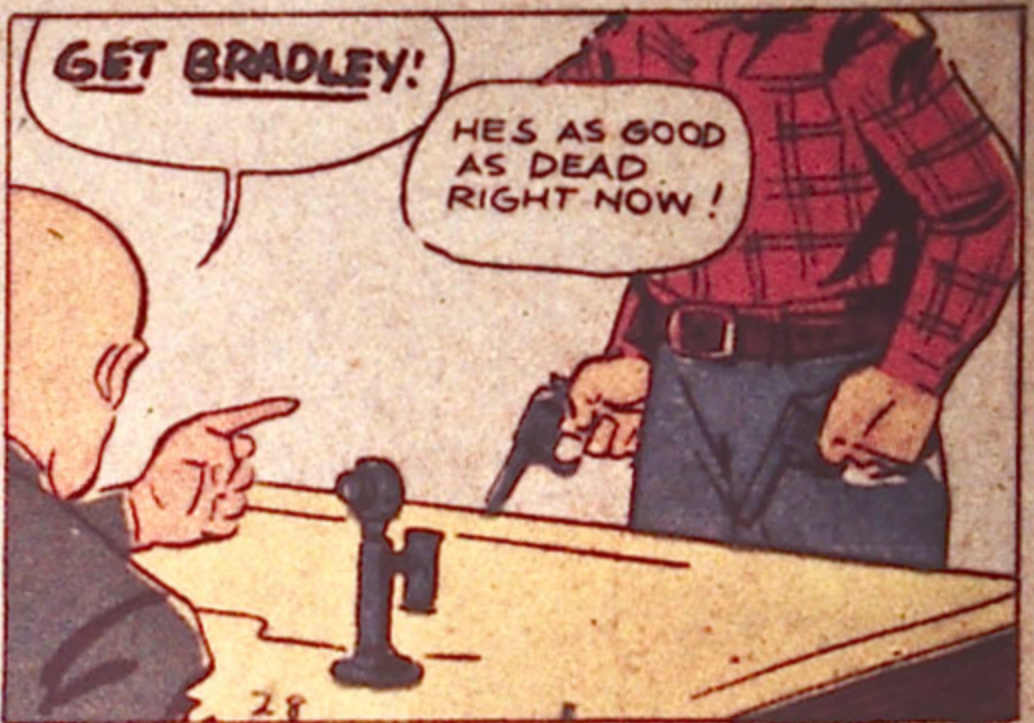
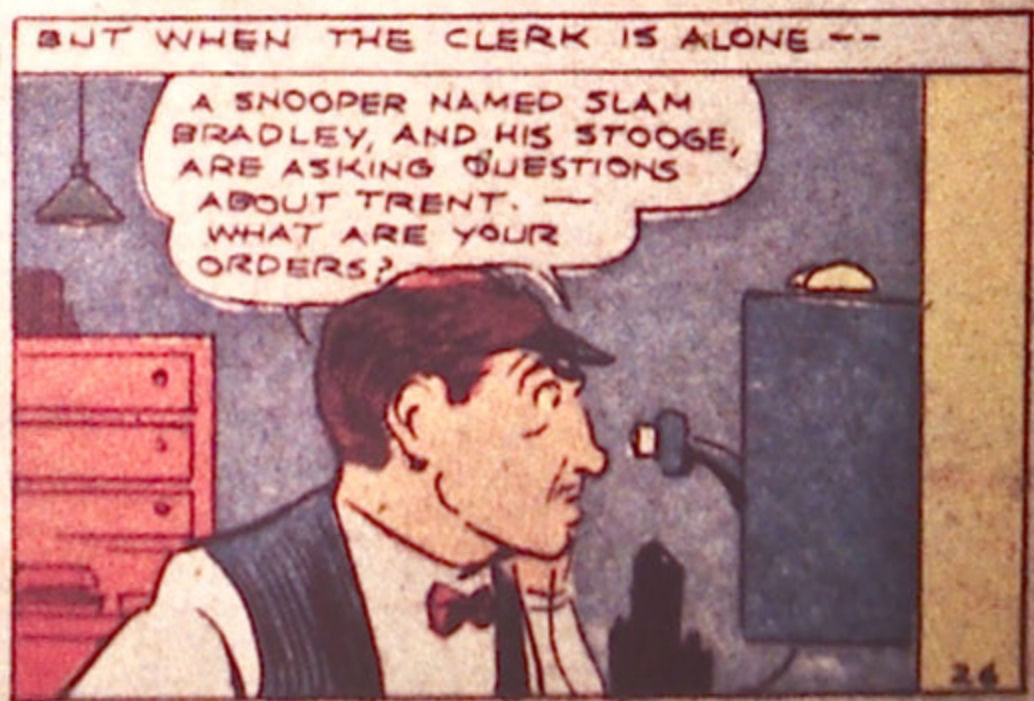
WHAT TH'—!
WHERE'D YOU
FELLOWS COME
FROM?

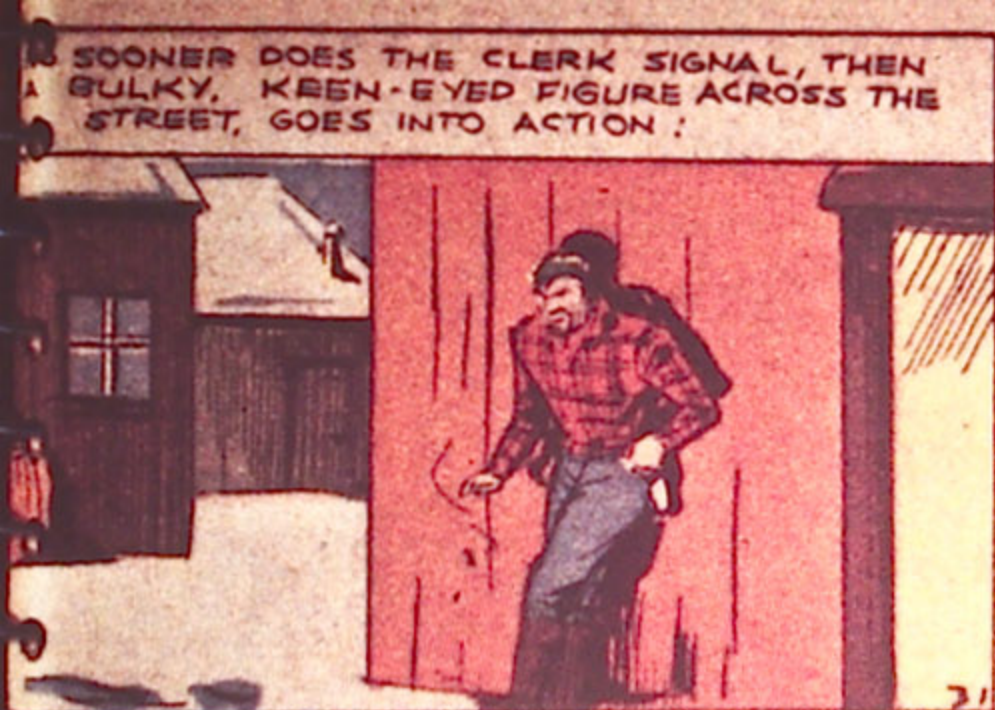
NEVER MIND
— JUST TELL US
WHERE WE CAN
FIND JACK TRENT.

GENERAL S









I'LL MURDER-YA!
—I'LL TEAR YA
APART!



—WHEN?—



THIS IS TH' NECK-
LOCK... GUARANTEED
T' BREAK TH' SPINAL
CORD!



AND THIS IS THE
SHOULDER-THROW
... GUARANTEED TO
BREAK THE
NECK-LOCK!



OH, NO YOU WON'T!
I WILL!

i'll—!



SLAM HAULS THE WEAKENED "MUSCLES"
TO HIS FEET...

YOU'RE NOT WORTH
KEEPING ON MY
HANDS, SO I'LL
CHECK YOU!



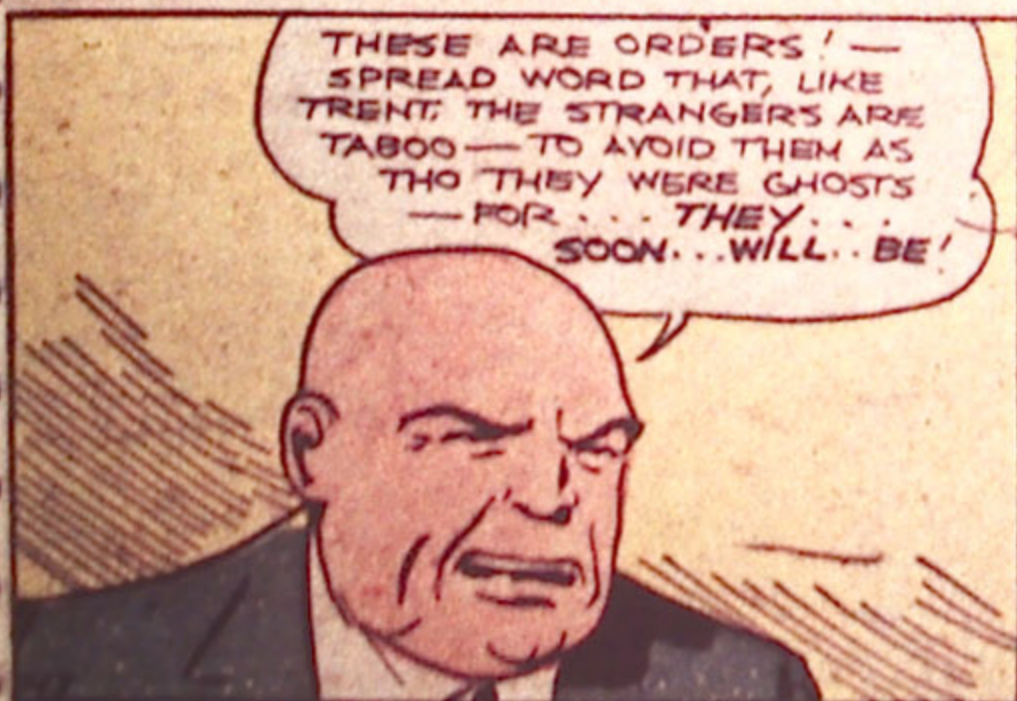
SO LONG!—I'D
SING YOU A LULLABY,
ONLY YOU'VE BEEN
A VERY BAD BOY!

GET TOUGH
WITH US.
WILL YA?

FROM NOW ON
YER NAME IS
"MUSCLE-
BOUND!"

I'LL GETCHA
BOTH FER
THIS!!





SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .

(—PUFF! PUFF!—)
BOY! THIS IS
NO PICNIC!

WHAT'S
WRONG,
KILO?

LOOK!



BLIZZARD
COME! —
VER' BAD!

WE'LL FIGHT THRU
IT! — BUT WE MUST
TAKE CARE TO
NOT GET
SEPARATED!



THE BLIZZARD DESCENDS — — A HOWLING,
BLINDING FURY . . .



SHORTY! —
ANSWER ME! —
WHERE ARE
YOU?



HERE! — IN
THIS SNOW-DRIFT!
—HA-ALP!



THANK GOODNESS
YOU'RE SAFE! —
BUT WHERE'S
KILO?

KILO! —
KILO!



THE BLIZZARD
WAGES WITH
EVEN INCREASED
FEROCITY — —
STIFLING THE
CRIES OF
SLAM AND
SHORTY!



SLAM!
I—I CAN'T
LAST MUCH
LONGER!

YOU'VE GOT TO!
— KEEP...
CRAWLING...!



COLD, PAIN, AND WEARINESS EVENTUALLY
TAKE THEIR TOLL! SLAM AND SHORTY
COLLAPSE LIMPLY, AND THE FALLING SNOW
COMMENCES TO BURY THEM FROM VIEW



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER —



HEAT! —
W-WHO...
W-WHAT?!

ZANOOK
SAVE YOU...
CARRY TO
IGLOO!

WE OWE
OUR LIVES
TO YOU!



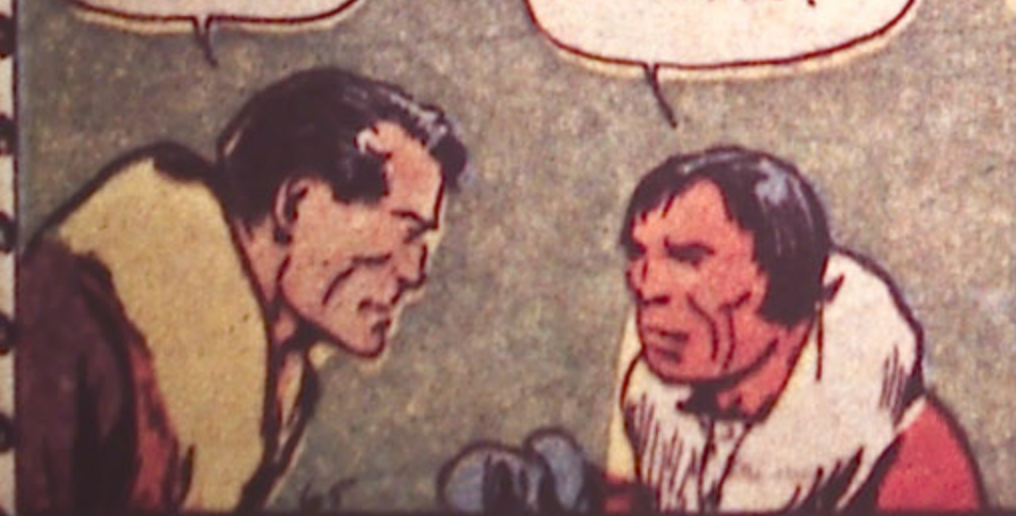
TH' BLIZZARD'S
STOPPED.

POOR KILO MUST
HAVE PERISHED!
NOW WE'LL NEVER
FIND TRENT!

YOU WANT
TRENT? —
I KNOW WHERE
FINDUM!

YOU DO! — THEN
LET'S GET
MOVIN'!

NOT FAR
FROM HERE!
— COME!



LATER...

TRENT THERE! —
BUT BAD WHITE MEN
IN CHARGE! CHASE
ZANOOK OUT!

WE'VE REACHED
THE END OF
THE TRAIL
AT LAST!

YBAH...
OUR END!



WHAT'S TH' IDEA OF OUR CRAWLIN' LIKE A COUPLA INDIANS?

THERE'S VOICES COMING FROM OVER YONDER -- LET'S TAKE NO CHANCES.

MY GOSH! IT'S --!

KILO!

NICE WORK, KILO! -- WE'LL NEVER SEE THOSE SNOOPERS AGAIN!

KILO FIXUM PLENTY!

SO KILO WAS HIRED TO DO AWAY WITH US!

WHY TH' DOUBLE-CROSSIN' MURDER-IN' SKUNK!

OUT WITH IT, TRENT! -- WHO WERE THOSE FELLOWS TO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW... AND IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TELL!

NEVER MIND ABOUT THEM -- THEY'RE DEAD -- EITHER YOU SIGN YOUR MINE OVER TO US OR YOU'LL JOIN THEM!

I WON'T SIGN!

ATTABOY, TRENT!

GHOSTS!

NO, YOU FOOL! -- IT'S SLAM BRADLEY! KILL HIM!



SLAM DIVES INTO THE ICY WATERS IN PURSUIT OF SHORTY



SEIZING SHORTY UNDER WATER, HE HEADS FOR THE SURFACE WHEN TWO BEAR-LIKE ARMS SEIZE HIM IN A CRUSHING GRIP FROM BEHIND!



A BATTLE FOR LIFE! — THE WATER SWIRLS AND CHURNS AS THE TWO FIGHT, WHILE LUNGS THREATEN TO BURST FROM WANT OF AIR



BUT SLAM EMERGES VICTOR . . .



WHEN THEY REACH SHORE —

SO LUCY SENT YOU AFTER ME — IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, THOSE MINE THIEVES WOULD HAVE KILLED ME!

I GUESS WE CAME JUST IN TIME!



TO SHOW YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM, I'M GOING TO PRESENT YOU WITH LARGE SHARES IN THE MINE!

THANKS!

YIPPEE! WE'RE IN TH' BUCKS!



THE END

PREVIEW OF NEXT ISSUE!

SLAM

**BRADLEY
LADY-KILLER**

A LILTING LAUGH . . . THEN A GASPED DEATH RATTLE, SEND SLAM AND SHORTY ON THE DANGEROUS TRAIL OF AN EGOMANIACAL BLUE-BEARD!
**THRILLING! STUNNING!
DON'T MISS IT!!**

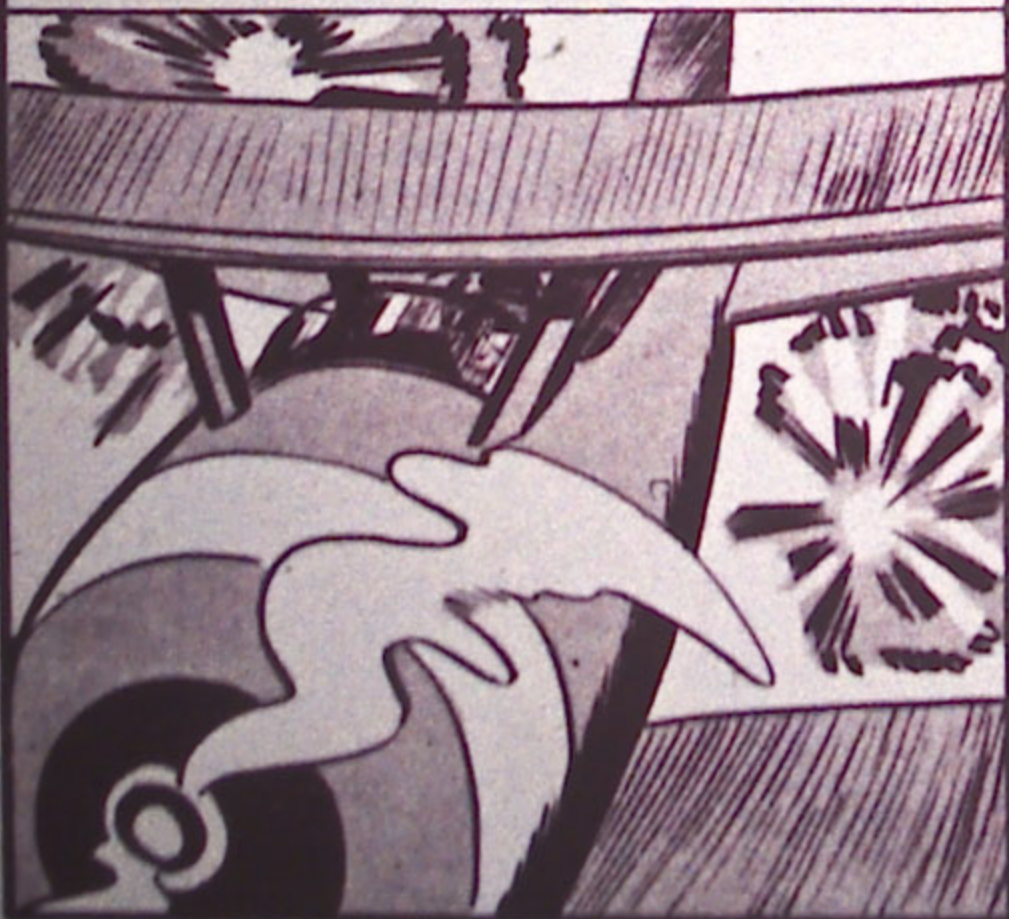


QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

HEROIC FIGHTER



QUENTIN ROOSEVELT, SON OF TEDDY ROOSEVELT, BEGAN HIS TRAINING IN 1917 ALONG WITH A GROUP OF YOUNG PILOTS - HE WAS MADE AN INSTRUCTOR AND SOON WENT TO THE FRONT -



HE ENGAGED IN MANY AIR BATTLES, PROVING HIMSELF A GALLANT AND DANGEROUS FIGHTER -



HE WON THE CROIX DE GUERRE FOR HIS BRAVE EFFORTS -



DURING A FIGHT OVER BELLEAU WOOD ON "BASTILLE DAY" HE WAS SHOT DOWN - THE GERMANS BURIED HIM AND DECORATED HIS GRAVE WITH PARTS OF HIS DISABLED PLANE -



